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## CHRONICLE.

Foreign and  
Colonial  
Affairs

AT the end of last week the British Protectorate was formally proclaimed at Zanzibar.—The announcement that Lord SALISBURY had granted the desired *modus vivendi* to Portugal was confirmed on Monday, with the rather important addition that it is to be limited to six months, and that the Pungwé route (in connexion with which the disputed Manica concessions are most important) is to be open. We take it for granted that, if Portugal does not make a permanent treaty by that time, full liberty of arrangement with native chiefs will be restored to Englishmen. Even so, though the arrangement is exceedingly generous to Portugal, it may be contended that it is scarcely just to the British South Africa Company. It seems possible also that this concession to Portuguese bluster and vanity may breed some trouble if, as is reported, the Manica concessions have already been taken advantage of by English settlers. Meanwhile, the Portuguese Government has been put in a ludicrous quandary by the threat of a company of Brazilian patriots to come over and help them against Great Britain.—The resignation of Lord CONNEMARA, who has been an exceedingly popular Governor of Madras, some time before the expiration of the usual term, was announced on Monday.—The withdrawal of the appeal for an Irish Famine Fund, in America, speaks for itself.—The German CHANCELLOR met the Italian PREMIER at Milan on Friday week.—In consequence of, or in connexion with, the recent political somersault in America, a tremendous panic took place on the New York Stock Exchange, on Monday, a panic which was to some extent reflected back on London.—The Greek Chamber opened on the same day, and King GEORGE'S speech discreetly abstained from any reference to the two dangerous questions, those of Crete and of the Macedonian *berats*.—Some trouble is anticipated in Roumania from the taking up by M. BRATIANO, the veteran Liberal politician, of the Anti-Semitic movement.—The Prussian Diet opened on Wednesday.

Mr. BALFOUR concluded his visit to Donegal Home Politics, yesterday week with greater chagrin to the Nationalists than ever, and, probably, with a good deal to Mr. MORLEY, who spoke at Scarborough on that day, with the usual Separatist's "Who's afraid?" bluster, but with a judicious absence of exact reference to particulars.—There was a great luxuriance of political speaking on Thursday. At the COLSTON banquets, at Bristol, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was the chief speaker on the Tory side and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL on the Gladstonian. It is interesting to compare the remarks on Ireland of a practical politician and a professional advocate. Besides these, Lord SPENCER spoke at Greenock; his colleague in the blessing of Mr. O'BRIEN at the adjacent city of Glasgow; the bold Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE at Sevenoaks; and Sir LYON PLAYFAIR at Leeds. The ex-Viceroy and the ex-Chief Secretary presented once more the old spectacle, painful or ludicrous according to the temperament of the spectator, of men who know that their dead selves of six years ago condemn their living selves for folly, while their living selves condemn their dead selves for tyranny and injustice.

A capital day's weather and a very good Lord Mayor's Show were followed by a dinner, at which Lord SALISBURY earned some approval even from his enemies. They were perhaps bribed by his announcement of that *modus vivendi* with Portugal which has vexed the Cape so much, and which is, as we have said, generous almost to the point of injustice. Lord SALISBURY, too, was hopeful of peace, and did not use the sharpest side of his tongue, merely indulging in a little banter of the

very confident prognostications of success for Mr. GLADSTONE, as viewed in the light of the MCKINLEY Bill, of General BOULANGER'S bye-elections, and of M. TRICOUPI'S certainty of coming back with a majority of two to one, and complaining mildly of the intrusive and obstructive influence in diplomacy of animals like pigs, lobsters, and seals. He also dealt with the Eight Hours Bill and other matters.

Sir CHARLES PEARSON has been returned unopposed for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews. This has naturally caused a new explosion of wrath at the University seats, from the party which finds itself too hopelessly in a minority among persons of education and intelligence to be able to contest such seats with any chance of success. Perhaps this confession of the nakedness of the land is not altogether wise; but that is their own affair.

Those of the Falcarragh tenants who have been Ireland, persuaded by evil advisers to persist in not paying their rents have been evicted during the week, the egregious Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL (with a fidelity to his new character of clown to the Parnellite party which is really admirable) amusing himself by chalking the coats of the police. Ireland, we know, groans under tyranny as compared with the free countries of the Continent. Imagine an Opposition member chalking the coats of the police in Italy or France, not to mention Germany or Russia!—A dear good English lady has written to say that the villainous police "threw potatoes out of the window with such violence that they broke them." At first sight this seems rather like the "lekuthion apolesen" of the classic bard; but it must be remembered that violence to a national vegetable is a grave thing.—There has been more braggadocio among the defendants at Tipperary.

Great interest has been taken, as is natural, in the accounts of the cure for consumption which Dr. KOCH is said to have attained; but all these accounts are necessarily somewhat unscientific, and only the trials on a large scale which are about to begin in Berlin can decide the matter. He who can conquer "the most dreaded of all diseases," as it has been called, is pretty sure of his reward: but consumption is not conquered yet.

Correspondence.

Mr. BANCROFT has promised 1,000*l.* to "General" BOOTH'S fund, which shows that Mr. BANCROFT has a thousand pounds to spare.—A correspondence published on Monday gives fresh evidence of the strangely perverting effect exercised on the ethical and intellectual faculties by devotion to Home Rule. Lord ASHBURNHAM is, not only in a conventional sense, a "person of honour," and he is also a person of ability; yet he has put himself in the humiliating position of having to acknowledge, when challenged by Lord RADNOR, that he has echoed the stale slanders on the Primrose League without having a rag of chapter and verse to give for them.—Among the minor letters in the STANLEY-BARTELOT matter, two things deserve notice. One is that Mr. STANLEY still seems to be more troubled about the damage done to his wardrobe than anything else. His letter lamenting the decay of silks and velvets—things not, one would have thought, absolutely necessary to African exploration, and exceedingly liable to decay when remaining packed for many months in a tropical climate—is most touching. "The ladies," it seems, when they were opened, "nearly fainted"—whence we perceive that Major BARTELOT was a kind of butcher-torturer, and Mr. JAMESON a procurer of murder and cannibalism. Q. E. D. The other is a letter from Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH which assumes, *sans phrase* and as if the whole thing was proved, the truth of the charges against the Major. Those who

remember Mr. BOSWORTH SMITH's dealings with the memory of another Major, HODSON of Hodson's Horse, will be surprised neither at his charity, nor at his patriotism, nor at his logic.

The decision of the Court of Queen's Bench Castioni's Case. in the case of CASTIONI is to be regretted, because it is impossible to discern anything really "political" in the Bellinzona outbreak, and because it has naturally enough given occasion to a certain party in England to ignore the very point on which the judges grounded their decision, and to assume that any act for which a political motive is alleged is thereby differentiated from similar acts for which no such motive is pretended. But it illustrates rather usefully the extreme inconveniences of Home Rule. Had it not been for the possession of that jewel by Ticino, the extradition could not, of course, have been granted; for the insurrection was avowedly not directed against the Swiss Government proper. And so, we suppose, if Home Rule were granted to Ireland, Colonel SAUNDERSON might shoot Mr. PARNELL in a ruction, with the full sympathy of CASTIONI's defenders.

**The Rabelais Pictures.** On Wednesday Mr. VAUGHAN adjudged twenty-one of the pictures objected to in the Rabelais Exhibition to be destroyed, and committed the exhibitors for trial. There is no doubt that some of the pictures in the original collection would not have been exhibited by any one who either had good taste himself or took the advice of persons of good taste. At the same time, we greatly fear that the enemy will talk of that *cant britannique* which allows newspapers to fill their columns with the filthiest details unpunished, and burns pictures of which the principal fault was that the artist took a somewhat too Tunisian view of the female form, and seemed occasionally to confound the characteristics of a beautiful woman with those of a prize pig.

**The Gale.** Full particulars of the tremendous gale which raged on Thursday week at night and for the greater part of Friday were not received for a day or two afterwards. It then appeared that not for a long time has any storm been more destructive. Wrecks were reported from all the coasts except the East, one of them resulting in the drowning of Lord CANTELUPE, the young and recently married heir to one of the oldest, and in many ways most historically interesting, peerages of England, that of DE LA WARR.

**Mr. Stanley's Rearguard.** On his arrival in America Mr. STANLEY at last broke silence, and made what appears to be a full statement of his charges against Major BARTELOT and Mr. JAMESON. Although in part old, they are too grave to be dismissed in a brief space, and full notice of them will be found elsewhere. Few people, we think, will consider that Mr. STANLEY has improved his position by making them. It is, perhaps, not without reference to this matter that the Government has withdrawn its countenance from a new expedition to West Africa, and that Commander CAMERON has severed his connexion with it.

**Sport.** Amidst a good deal of second- and third-class racing recently which calls for no comment, the Chesterfield Nursery at Derby may be excepted. It was only one of the unsatisfactory scrambles for half a mile or a little more ("about" five furlongs is a charmingly diplomatic phrase) which are too common now. But the field was very large for these days, and the winner, Billow, won remarkably well a desperately near race, all the first five horses being close up. Another race, of a somewhat similar kind, was the Chatsworth Stakes on Thursday, which was won by Mr. BARCLAY's Elgiva. On the same day, in one of the chief Rugby football matches of the year, the two Universities beat a very strong team of London and the South of England.

**Accidents by Land and Sea.** One of the worst railway accidents of recent years took place late on Monday night on the Great Western at Norton Fitzwarren Junction, near Taunton, a special train, with the passengers of the *Norham Castle* from Plymouth, being sent by the mistake of a signalman into a goods train, with the result of ten deaths and much minor suffering. A less serious accident of the same kind happened in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and later in the week another at Chalk Farm. On Tuesday morning news arrived of a far more serious disaster than either, the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent*, at Cabo Villano, on the Galician Finisterre promontory, with all

hands except three. The *Serpent* was one of the new torpedo cruisers, and had not made a good reputation as a seaboat in the manoeuvres last year; but this was her first turn of foreign service.

**Miscellaneous.** The Deanery of Windsor has been conferred upon Canon ELIOT, a Low Churchman like Dr. PEROWNE, so that complaints of one-sided distribution of patronage are hardly justified. Canon ARLIN has been appointed to the Deanery of Peterborough. On Monday, Miss KATHARINE RIORDAN, who shot the Master of University last week, was committed in the Vice-Chancellor's Court for trial, having in a statement admitted the act. Mr. Justice KAY has been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal in the room of Sir HENRY COTTON, who has resigned, and to whose merits justice was done on Wednesday by the MASTER of the ROLLS and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mr. Justice KAY's own place has been filled by Mr. ROMER. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was re-elected Chairman of the London County Council on Friday week. A very full, interesting, and instructive account of the progress and plans of the British East Africa Company was given on Tuesday, by Mr. GEORGE MACKENZIE. Very unfair and improper use of the name of this Company has been made in the STANLEY-BARTELOT controversy, and it is well that the mischief which this might do should be counteracted by authorities of high character and unsurpassed competence like Mr. MACKENZIE. On the same day a distinguished American, Mr. DUDLEY FIELD, made a speech to the Liberty and Property Defence League. It is well known that, whatever may be the case with liberty, property is more severely privileged and protected in his country than anywhere else. The descriptive reporter has again been revelling in the trial of ELEANOR WHEELER. A fire, which fortunately did not result in loss of life, broke out in the married quarters of Wellington Barracks on Wednesday. The LORD MAYOR has been asked, and has consented, to preside over a meeting to discuss and protest against the alleged ill-treatment of Jews in Russia. The requisition was signed by some persons of distinction, as well as by some of notoriety, and is in no sense a party one; but we confess that we wish the answer "Mind your own business" were either less obvious or less just. An addition to the numerous and rather bewildering decisions in the case of the unlucky Irish Exhibition has been made by the Court of Appeal making Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE, Lord ARTHUR HILL, and their colleagues liable for a printing bill. Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN has recovered three hundred pounds from a newspaper for an exercise in the new journalism—a thing always pleasant to hear; and Mr. Justice BUTT has refused an application which would have delayed the hearing of the suit of O'SHEA v. O'SHEA and PARNELL.

**Obituary.** Mr. Justice O'HAGAN, sometime Chief Land Commissioner in Ireland, was a man of some literature, as well as personally amiable and respectable, but his legal abilities were not very great and his politics were deplorable. He is credited by Home Rulers (we had thought it was another) with the invention of the famous "live and thrive" theory of fair rent; from which it might not improperly be deduced that the author of a rejected contribution to a newspaper need not pay his stationers for the paper and pen he has used. Dr. HANNAY was an eminent member of the Congregationalist body. Sir JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS was a Civil Servant of very great age (he had nearly touched the hundred years) who was much concerned in the Chinese branch of the old East India Company, and a great authority on China.

Several collected and re-collected editions of Books, &c. poems have appeared, such as a cheap one-volume edition, long asked for, of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD's (MACMILLAN); another complete collection of Miss CHRISTINA ROSSETTI's exquisite devotional and secular verse (MACMILLAN); the poems of that *ténébreux*, but scarcely *beau ténébreux*, poet, BEDDOES, now first collected and culled by Mr. GOSSE (DENT); and Mr. GILBERT's *Songs of a Savoyard* (ROUTLEDGE)—an agreeably different quartet.

#### MR. STANLEY'S CHARGES.

THERE is, we believe, but one opinion among sensible men on the disgusting subject of Mr. STANLEY's charges against the officers of his Rearguard—that the matter will never be satisfactorily adjusted except in a court of



law. A Parliamentary Commission has been recommended; but, apart from the fact that it is very bad policy to fritter such things away, Parliamentary Commissions have not recently approved themselves either as speedy or as certain machinery for the bringing home of guilt. So long as we have *ex parte* statements pitted against *ex parte* statements, and each statement patched and cobbled and tagged with fresh and ever-fresh additions and ekings, the attainment of anything like truth is well-nigh impossible. And the attainment of truth is very important here, not merely because of the foulness of the charges brought against individuals, but because many persons, not by any means belonging to the class of sentimentalists, are gravely dissatisfied with the increasing violence and disregard of human life and liberty displayed in these anomalous "expeditions," which contrast so remarkably with the conduct and results of explorers like LIVINGSTONE, SPEKE, BARTH, CAMERON, and THOMSON. Unfortunately the only person, it would appear, who has the power of bringing an action is Mr. STANLEY himself, and this he appears to have more wit than to intend to do. He has instructed, we are told, an eminent counsel to appear for him in case of need; it is not said that he has instructed solicitors—eminent or other—to bring the matter to trial. It is, we believe, not technically correct to say that you cannot libel a dead man; but the way to bring the libel home is entrenched and barricaded with so much care by legal practice that it may almost be said to be no thoroughfare; and so the representatives of Major BARTELOT and Mr. JAMESON are nearly powerless. Mr. STANLEY's imputations against two of the survivors, Messrs. TROUP and BONNY, though impugning gravely their conduct in various ways, have been—whether intentionally or not—so couched as to impute no legal offence. Against Mr. WARD Mr. STANLEY has, it would seem, directed or adopted what Mr. WARD, like an Englishman, has promptly characterized as a lie—an accusation of something like embezzlement or misappropriation of property; but a trial on this issue would be exceedingly unsatisfactory, and a judge would probably feel himself bound to exclude all the evidence really bearing on the main, if not sole, points of interest—the charges of insane tyranny and cruelty against Major BARTELOT, and of conduct worthy of a Roman emperor or Renaissance princeling against Mr. JAMESON. It is, we believe, held by some whose opinion we respect, though we do not wholly share it, that the admission all round of the infliction of severe, and in some cases capital, punishment by the officers of the expedition, the confession by Mr. BONNY of his own employment of a kind of hostage-making, which the law might confuse with kidnapping, to induce the natives to trade, and so forth, might form a ground of prosecution; but the same objection seems to lie here. On the other hand, accusations have been freely launched against Mr. STANLEY, much heavier than many which are constantly made the subject of libel action, and imputing to him conduct, not merely dishonourable as between gentlemen, but involving a breach of trust to the subscribers to the expedition, if not also conspiracy with TIPPOO TIB. It is almost certain that his action would lie, and if not, we suspect that more than one person would very gladly give him unquestionable ground for one. If, therefore, he abstains from taking the initiative (and it is stated that he will so abstain) no one can be blamed for assuming that he does not fight because he does not dare.

On the other hand, we cannot exonerate any of the parties concerned, except possibly Mr. HERBERT WARD, who seems to have been straightforward throughout, from blame. Mr. STANLEY's commercially clever, but in all other respects most inconvenient, veto on publication, no doubt exposed them to considerable difficulties, and his habit—as Mr. TROUP puts it—of "jumping about from story to story," has, as Mr. ANDREW JAMESON rather naively confessed the other day, led them into the not unnatural, but very unwise, course of keeping back as it were reserves of defence, in order to meet reserves of accusation. We have not had the whole of Major BARTELOT's papers; we have not had the whole of Mr. TROUP's; we were told (though it may be hoped that Mr. STANLEY's last accusations will alter this determination) that we are not to have the whole of Mr. JAMESON's. Mr. WARD and Mr. BONNY have as yet only given interviews and newspaper statements. Mr. STANLEY, on the other hand, has doled out his accusations on the very pattern of the immortal TITUS himself. All this darkens counsel in a most extraordinary fashion. Before clearing up the muddle by putting the charges shortly, we may observe that Mr. STANLEY, supported in the main by Mr. BONNY,

accuses Major BARTELOT, not merely of suspecting that he, STANLEY, wished to poison him, BARTELOT, but of himself plotting to poison SELIM BIN MOHAMMED. Now, very fortunately, Mr. TROUP's book, published by Messrs. CHAPMAN & HALL, was out before this story, and from a statement there made, without the possibility of collusion, it is at least probable that Major BARTELOT wanted to know whether tasteless poisons could be administered, because he thought that the Arabs had tried to poison him at Stanley Falls—a very different matter. And the same crossing of imperfect evidence—if evidence it can be called—meets us everywhere. The charges, however, are at least distinct enough, if some of them are not very novel. Mr. STANLEY says—chiefly, if not wholly, on the authority of Mr. BONNY, backed up to some extent by ASSAD FARRAN, the Syrian interpreter (with whom we more than ever wish that Sir REDVERS BULLER had had that five minutes)—(1) that Major BARTELOT intended to poison SELIM; (2) that Major BARTELOT, after a course of semi-insane ferocity, "grinning at" natives, beating them with iron-shod sticks, flogging and shooting them for trifling offences, and the like, wound up within twenty-four hours or so before his death by kicking a little boy so that he died, seizing a Manyema woman with his teeth, beating the brains out of a Manyema man, and beating and kicking SANGA's wife till SANGA shot him; (3) that Mr. JAMESON bought a little girl, gave her to the Manyema, and stood by sketching while they murdered, cut up, cooked, and ate her.

Now let us look at the evidence for these monstrous charges, every one of which, be it remembered, Mr. STANLEY knew two years ago, and of some, if not all of which, he has since expressed contemptuous disbelief, though he now trumps them up again. Much of it is mere hearsay, and some of it—such as that of the gentleman who told a clergyman (or was it the other way?), who told Mr. STANLEY, that he had heard that Mr. JAMESON had a stuffed negro's head, or as the solemn avenger that a European had "seen the sketches" (Heaven help the draughtsmen of Mr. PUNCH, and a certain counsel learned in the law!) of Mr. JAMESON—is such stuff as would afford food for laughter merely if the subject were not so grave. Some of it is negative, as that of Mr. WARD, who, as far as his own knowledge goes, clears Major BARTELOT, and that of Mr. TROUP, who, while not over-friendly to the Major, disapproving of the excessive severity of his discipline, and corroborating the assertion that he disliked black men, does not corroborate the worst of the stories. Of positive witnesses we have at most two that any court of justice would deem worthy, not merely of belief, but of examination—ASSAD FARRAN and Mr. BONNY. ASSAD FARRAN advanced and withdrew the charge of murder in order to witness cannibalism against Mr. JAMESON, though it seems he again advanced it. Cross-examination might show that he withdrew it under pressure, and that is the most we can say for him. Uncross-examined, his testimony will hardly amount to much, and it is not strengthened by the production of his detailed affidavit. Arab or native witnesses might be, but have not been, produced, and it is, to say the least, strange that TIPPOO TIB (who had an interview with Mr. TROUP, as told in the latter's book, after all these events) did not allege them in his own defence when he defended himself warmly against the charge of bad faith and bad behaviour.

We are, therefore, left with Mr. WILLIAM BONNY pretty much as we are left with the Earl of MORTON in reference to the Casket Letters, except that Mr. BONNY is alive, and can be cross-examined. Not all his evidence, it is to be observed, is of the same quality. He did not see the Major engaged in beating SANGA's wife, or shot by SANGA; but he says he saw the biting of the other woman, the bludgeoning to death of the man, and (which Mr. STANLEY does not mention) the stabbing of the chief UNGUNGA by the Major. He says the Major told him he meant to poison SELIM, and that Mr. JAMESON himself told him the cannibal-and-murder story. The two last things are not strictly speaking evidence, even if Mr. BONNY believes them, for the former may have been a mistake of Mr. BONNY's, and the latter may, especially considering these sketches, have been either also a mistake (for it seems certain that Mr. JAMESON did sketch a cannibal scene) or an unhappy kind of joke on Mr. JAMESON's part. We do not suggest this; we merely point it out. But of the events of that last fatal twenty-four or forty-eight hours (into which, it will be observed, Mr. BONNY compresses all his worst charges against the Major, except the stabbing of UNGUNGA) Mr. BONNY presents himself as an immediate

eyewitness, in all but the actually fatal squabble, as all but an eyewitness in that, while he apparently takes full responsibility for the account of this squabble itself, save as to the Cyprus or cypress staff. Of his theory of insanity on Major BARTELOT's part we say nothing, and we pass over for the present many matters of great import to the value of the evidence of all classes which Mr. BONNY produces, such as his relations with his fellow-officers, the circumstances of his charge, the delay of it, and the like. We only desire to point out that the whole burden of the charges against both the deceased men rests on Mr. BONNY. Mr. WARD at least pointedly dissociates himself from it. The worst charges are also dated at a time when both these officers had left the camp. On the judgment, the accuracy, and the credibility of Mr. BONNY, and almost on those only, therefore, the whole thing turns; and these, till we get him in the witness-box, it is very hard to estimate. And, meanwhile, we must remember two facts of the very gravest importance; first, that Mr. STANLEY never brought these charges—indeed, by implication contradicted them—till grave charges were brought against himself; and, secondly, that Mr. BONNY also remained silent till he desired to relieve himself from the charges of another kind brought against the Rearguard officers generally by Mr. STANLEY. Whosoever lets himself for one moment forget these two facts is in danger of seriously misinterpreting the whole thing.

#### POLITICAL OFFENDERS.

IF we have had to wait a good many years for a judicial interpretation of extradition law in its relation to political offences, it must be admitted that we could hardly have had the question raised in a more convenient and instructive way than it has been in "CASTIONI'S case." It may be almost described as a leading case in miniature, so curiously does it combine completeness of finish with smallness of scale. The Ticino "revolution" was hardly more than an affair of *opéra-bouffe*, and the fortunate Signor CASTIONI is certainly not a *révolutionnaire* of the heroic type. Nor, again, was there anything very imposing in the confused chance-medley in which the ill-fated State-Councillor Rossi lost his life. Yet it would have been impossible for the greatest actor in the most striking scene of the most grandiose of revolutionary dramas to have more exactly fulfilled the conditions necessary to enable an English tribunal to lay down the law and ethics of political offences. This being so, and the contrast between the importance of the rulings of the three judges of the Queen's Bench Division and the insignificance of the person and the events which gave occasion to them being so marked, it is, perhaps, better to examine the law as it has been left by this judgment before proceeding to examine the merits of the individual case.

It is to be noted, then, in the first place, that Mr. Justice DENMAN and his two colleagues have now given the highest authoritative affirmation to the very pregnant, and in many cases most material, proposition that a political offence does not mean merely "an offence committed with a political motive." This proposition, which people generally have no difficulty in accepting in the case of any act which happens to shock their moral sense, is just as easily set at naught by many of them when they happen not to disapprove very strongly of the offence, and still more when they feel a sneaking sympathy with the offender. You shall hear, for instance, the self-same Gladstonian who has just been denouncing the immoral doctrine that the Phoenix Park murders were political offences protest the next moment against describing the anti-rent conspiracy as anything else. This merely means that it goes against his conscience to condone assassination, but that he does not feel the same scruple about extenuating robbery. Yet the facts that robbery is a less heinous crime than murder, and that political motives impelled Mr. JOSEPH BRADY to more wicked acts than those to which they impel Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, in no way affect the circumstances that the motives of the former patriot *were* as genuinely political as those of the latter, and that if they did not justify the offence of the one, they cannot be pleaded on behalf of the other. How hard it is, however, to dispel the intellectual fog which has obscured the Gladstonian mind on this matter ever since the Gladstonian views on "rapine" had to get themselves so hurriedly changed, may be seen from the droll moral which the *Daily News* tacked on, the other day,

to its comments on the CASTIONI case. Now that the Queen's Bench Division, it argued, has declared that there is such a thing as a political offence, and that a Swiss insurgent may commit it, there ought to be no more plank bed for persons convicted of conspiracy to defraud or intimidate their neighbours in Ireland.

To return, however, to the judgment which we are examining, it has now, as we have said, been judicially laid down that proof of political motive alone is not sufficient to secure a place for any given act in the category of political offences. There must be proof, or at any rate un rebutted presumption, of political motive, *plus* evidence of the existence of a certain well-marked condition of overt political disturbance, *plus* evidence of a certain specific relation between the act and the surrounding conditions. And here we come to the second, and no less important, proposition which the Court has laid down—a proposition affirming the doctrine expounded on the subject by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, speaking as jurist and not as judge, and negating the loosely-worded dictum of Mr. MILL. The judges, that is to say, have declared that any act, otherwise illegal, the author of which seeks privilege for it as a political offence, must not only have been committed during a political insurrection, but must have been "incidental to" or "part of" such insurrection. It is possible—and indeed, in our opinion, probable—that Mr. MILL's meaning, in pronouncing in favour of the immunity of acts committed in "the course of an insurrection," was substantially that of Sir JAMES STEPHEN. We can hardly suppose him to have meant by "in the course of an insurrection" merely "during its occurrence"—a construction which would justify a man in committing robbery and murder in a by-street so long as barricade-fighting was going on in the main thoroughfares. We cannot but understand the word "course" to mean "causal concatenation," and Mr. MILL to have intended to say that for an illegal act to be entitled to exemption from punishment on political grounds it must have formed one of the sequence of events of which a political insurrection has consisted. And this would be much the same as describing it, in Sir JAMES STEPHEN'S language, as "incidental to, or part of," such insurrection. It might be contended, however, that the judgment of the Queen's Bench Division not only corrects the laxity of Mr. MILL'S language on this subject, but that it favours an even more rigorous form of definition than that of Sir JAMES STEPHEN. For Mr. Justice DENMAN and Mr. Justice HAWKINS appear to us to have inclined, and we think wisely, to the view that the political offence, to be such, must have been an act committed, not only "incidentally to, and as part of," but also "in furtherance of," a political insurrection. We cannot but regard this as the best and most exact definition of the political offence which was given in the course of the trial—ininitely better, of course, than that of Mr. MILL; and in our opinion preferable, though in a less degree, to that of Mr. Justice STEPHEN. We do not feel sure, that is to say, that a wholly wanton and gratuitous act of homicide, committed possibly from motives of private malice by a man actively engaged at the moment in an insurrectionary struggle, might not escape as incidental to, or part of, the insurrection. It would be going too far, doubtless, to adopt the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S contention, and to hold that no illegal act could claim privilege unless it were shown to be "necessary" to the success of the insurrection; but it is not too much, we think, to insist that it should be such an act as might be reasonably considered necessary to that purpose by the insurgent committing it, and such as, therefore, he may be fairly presumed to have committed "in furtherance thereof."

So much for the law of the case as laid down by the Queen's Bench. If now we turn to the facts, and consider how far and in what way they stand related to the legal propositions above set forth; the first and last impression produced upon the candid inquirer will certainly be that the impulsive Signor CASTIONI has had an extremely lucky escape. In order to justify the Court in discharging him from custody, it was necessary for them to be satisfied that a political insurrection was in progress at the moment when he shot State Councillor Rossi; and it is more than doubtful whether at that moment, all resistance having ceased and the insurgents being masters of the situation, the insurrection was not virtually at an end. It was further necessary for them to satisfy themselves that CASTIONI was acting with a public, and not a private, motive in firing the fatal shot; but, while it is extremely difficult to credit



him on the facts with any political impulse to action, there was a certain amount of positive evidence, though the Court deemed it insufficient, that he was, in fact, wreaking a personal grudge. He had so far schooled himself in indifference to the politics of Ticino that he had managed to pass the last seventeen years in England as the employé of a distinguished sculptor; he arrived in Bellinzona only the night before the insurrection, and could have barely had time, therefore, to master the merits of the party quarrel before plunging into it with a revolver; his interest in the political movement ceased, as the ATTORNEY-GENERAL pointed out, with the fall of Rossi and his own exclamation, "He is down!" and it was stated, though the judges held it not proved, that he had expressed an intention of avenging the death of a brother, which had occurred ten years before.

Lastly, it was necessary for the judges to be satisfied that the act of the prisoner in firing at Rossi was an act done by him "in furtherance of" the insurrection, or, at any rate, as "incidental to, or a part of," it; and on this it must be said that, if the prisoner's act was, indeed, of that description, as the judges have in fact found, he has grave cause of complaint against the violent hostility of appearances. He was unlucky enough to fire the shot within the gates of the palace, when all resistance had ceased, when Rossi was standing quietly inside the inclosure, and when, in short, as his own leader has candidly testified, "the firing of the shot was unnecessary to the success of the movement." Of course it is conceivable that CASTIONI may have been under the *bond fide*, however erroneous, belief that the discharge of his revolver at that particular time was necessary to the success of the movement, or, at least, would effectively "further" it, although, in fact, it had already reached its goal. But all we can say in that case is, that he has been singularly fortunate in getting three English judges to take his view, and that he must not expect such luck another time.

#### THE TAUNTON ACCIDENT.

THE shocking accident on the Great Western line near Taunton does not appear to be one of those railway disasters that call for the closest investigation of experts. The leading facts—and they are not disputed—point clearly to the immediate cause. The collision occurred through the mistake of a signalman. The signalman admits his error; admits that he had forgotten he had shunted a down goods train on to the up line, and through this forgetfulness permitted the up Plymouth special to run into the stationary goods train. The result of this unhappy blunder is the loss of ten lives and severe injuries to nine or ten passengers. As the signalman who controlled the signals at Norton Fitzwarren had forgotten the shunted train, the up line was not blocked from that point for the approaching special from Plymouth, the driver of which, seeing the line signalled "clear," drove through the junction at the usual speed into the goods train stationed somewhat short of a mile beyond. From the published accounts of the accident, the force of the collision must have been as terrible as the worst collision yet chronicled in railway annals. The greater portion of the carriage nearest the engine was shattered past recognition, the tender of the engine being thrust through and under it; and there can be no doubt that the fatalities would have been even more numerous than they unhappily are if it had not been for the broad-gauge line and the unusually stout carriages used on that line. The suggestion that no passengers' carriage should be coupled to an engine's tender, and that there should always intervene some strong "dummy" vehicle to break the shock of collisions, has been frequently made from time to time, and always ignored. The suggestion is eminently sensible and entirely practicable. The matter is not unworthy of the attention of the Board of Trade and railway Companies, though it is a minor point of public interest in comparison with the duties and qualifications of signalmen and the right use of sidings for shunting purposes.

Whenever fatal railway accidents occur the public are prepared to hear loud and general strictures of railway management, and indignant comments on the hard position of the overworked signalman. Such criticism is too often just. The sympathy so freely expressed on behalf of the Norton signalman is a very natural sentiment. It does not appear, however, that RICE, the signalman, had been

overworked the night of the accident. He had resumed work at nine, some four hours before the collision, and resumed it immediately after a long spell of rest; yet, as he has been employed by the Great Western Company thirty-five years, and is over sixty years of age, it may well be that he was better fitted, not to mention the deserts of long service, to assume an easier post than he held. A man between sixty and seventy may, of course, be thoroughly competent to serve as signalman at an important junction; but the chances are he is not. And it appears, also, that RICE was still suffering from an accident he received some months since, and was so conscious of his growing infirmity that he had recently thought of resigning his post. It is perfectly obvious that he was no longer the right man for the signal-box. Everybody can understand the desire to retain good servants as long as possible. Putting sentiment aside, to do so is sound policy, if conducted within reasonable limits. But when the service is of a highly responsible nature, such as involves the security or lives of the public, and requires the continual exercise of unimpaired intelligence, the superannuation of servants may be dangerously delayed. RICE's momentary lapse of memory undoubtedly was the cause of the Taunton accident. The man has confessed his blunder. But we are by no means sure that such practices as the carrying of goods and passenger traffic on the same rails of main lines, and the shunting of goods trains to make way for passenger trains from the up to the down line, or *vice versa*, are not even more reprehensible than the employment of men over sixty as signalmen. At the forthcoming inquiry we shall probably learn why the goods train, after being transferred to the up line, was not driven further up the line and shunted into the nearest siding. It would be interesting to know if it is customary on the Great Western Railway to allow goods trains to remain on the main line when an express or special is due on that line within a few minutes. If this practice is forbidden by the regulations of the railway Company, all we can say is, with the accounts of the Taunton accident before us, that the shunting of the goods train is scarcely less censurable than the mistake of the signalman. If it is not forbidden, the sooner the necessary rule is made the better. Special trains, it would seem, are exposed to peculiar danger. They are often put on the line and despatched at very short notice. We may assume that the departure of the special from Plymouth just before midnight on Monday was known to officials all up the line. Yet the driver of the goods train, while stationary on the up line awaiting his signal to return to the down line and proceed to Exeter, declares he knew nothing about the special. The signal he waited for, unfortunately, never came, though the ill-fated special did. Had he expected the special, and had he known the time it was due at Norton, none could have blamed him if, signal or no signal, he had returned to his proper rails—the down line. Why was he not ordered back the moment the down mail had passed? This is one other important matter that must be cleared.

#### ROYAL AND NOBLE MAYORS.

THE political meteorology which takes minute account of municipal elections is usually indifferent to the choice of mayors for the several boroughs and cities of England which follows in a few days. In so far it is wise. The one thing it ought not to do, and the other it ought to leave undone. The way in which people vote for Common Councillors now gives no sort of indication of the way in which they will vote for members of Parliament two or three years hence. Just as little can we infer that the class of persons whom the aforesaid Councillors choose as mayors, or the mode of thinking prevalent among them, foreshadows the Parliamentary choice. Without laying stress on the fact, or finding in it any basis for political prediction, we may, however, note that, while a small majority of persons calling themselves Gladstonians in ordinary politics—a decreasing majority, we believe, as compared with last year—was returned at the last municipal elections, a very considerable majority of the persons elected as mayors belong to the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist parties. The choice was, of course, not made on political grounds; for it was made by bodies of men of another way of thinking, or, perhaps we should say, of talking and shouting, on political matters. The question then arises, Why do Town Councils, on the whole Gladstonian rather than otherwise, elect anti-Gladstonian mayors? What is

the origin of this preference on their part for Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists? It must surely be that, in regard not merely to wealth and social position, conventionally so accounted, but in education, capacity, and character, the municipalities find that the best men are in one or other section of the Unionist party. When they want the borough to be creditably represented by its chief magistrate, they are constrained to look for him in the ranks of the party which Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in an outburst worthy of a Watertoast Sympathizer, declares his intention of scattering like chaff at the next general election. This is the answer to the question: Why do a majority, on the whole, of Gladstonian Town Councillors elect a relatively much more considerable majority of anti-Gladstonian mayors? The great object of every system of choice is to place the conduct of affairs in the hands of men of intelligence and character; and where the preponderance of these is Gladstonism makes practical confession. When opinions come to be counted at the next general election, we are by no means without confidence that the country will prove to be of the same mind as it was in 1886. If opinions were weighed as well as counted, there would not be room for reasonable doubt.

To the public at large the list of newly-elected mayors for England and Wales which appeared in the newspapers on Tuesday has as much significance as a page or two taken at random from the Post Office Directory or the list of sworn brokers which is from time to time authoritatively communicated to the world. There were, however, one or two features of interest in it. In several cases Corporations availed themselves of the liberty given them by recent legislation to elect their mayors from outside. Under the original Municipal Corporations Act, only a member of the Corporation, whether Alderman or Town Councillor, was eligible for the mayoralty. The disregard of considerations of fitness sometimes shown in municipal elections possibly now and then produced Town Councils which could not furnish forth one seemly mayor. More often this result was produced by the reluctance of persons engaged in large affairs, or of education and refinement, to make sacrifice of their interests or tastes to the sometimes noisy and dirty, and more frequently petty, business of municipal government. The paradise of mayoralty did not counter-balance the purgatorial pains of town-councillorship or aldermanship. Even the mayoral office itself had become a little degraded by the hands into which it occasionally fell. The abstract idea of a mayor was respectable and imposing, because it was detached not only from the robe and mace of office, but from the personal peculiarities of any particular mayor. It was the quiddity or essential idea of mayoralty. Its embodiment, sometimes in fact, oftener in conventional fiction, was a being from behind the counter of a retired shop, promiscuous in his h's, regardless of the concord which should exist between a verb and its nominative case, firmly believing, indeed, that *them* and *us* were nominative cases requiring verbs in the singular. This type has been for some time disappearing, both in London and in the country at large. We have Lord Mayors who have held commissions in the army, who have been to the great public schools, who quote Greek, and who nourish themselves and refresh their guests with the wisdom of the Judicious HOOKER—Lord Mayors who, like OTHELLO and Mr. GLADSTONE, fetch their being from men of royal siege. The flesh and blood of EDWARD I. is now enthroned in the Mansion House as well as at Buckingham Palace. About a year ago a German Professor published in the *Deutsche Rundschau* an article entitled "Die Gentry, und deren Abstammung von englischen Königen," drawn chiefly from Mr. JOSEPH FOSTER's work:—*The Royal Lineage of our Noble and Gentle Families*. From these two authorities it would almost seem that a man who has not a king among his ancestors has the "distinction" of Lord CASTLEREAGH. This is a vein well worth working out in America, where everybody seems to be descended from anybody whom it is worth while to be descended from. We would suggest to genealogists a work on "The Mayoral Origin of Royal, Noble, and Gentle Families." Nearly every illustrious house in England has its aboriginal Lord Mayor even more surely than its ghost. Queen ELIZABETH, as Sir HENRY ISAACS spectacularly reminded the sightseers of London on the 9th of November, 1880, was, through ANNE BOLEYN, descended from a Lord Mayor; and, but for the fact that she was the Virgin Queen, turtle soup might flow in the veins of our kings.

If the mayors of England have made contributions in

considerable numbers to the House of Lords, the House of Lords is now making contributions, in its turn, to the mayoralty of England. The Marquess of BUTE has been chosen Mayor of Cardiff. Lord ST. LEVAN, who but the other day was Sir JOHN ST. AUBYN, as Mayor of Devonport, must renounce for a time the privilege of "sleeping by the fable of BELLERUS old, Where the great vision of the guarded mount, Looks towards Namazons and Bayona's hold." The Town Councils of Cardiff and Devonport have acted very sensibly in asking Lord BUTE and Lord ST. LEVAN to become their mayors, and Lord BUTE and Lord ST. LEVAN have shown equal good sense in consenting to be elected. An increasing part of the work of the country will in future be done in local assemblies. Lord ROSEBURY did not greatly exaggerate the other day in saying that in value and interest it will not fall much behind that committed to Parliament. It is all important that it should fall into the right hands. The hold which the gentry of England, titled and untitled, have gained and still keep on public opinion is largely due to the readiness with which they have accepted the laborious and unpaid functions of magistracy and of local administration under the system which has now, in some part, passed away. The purity which has marked the working of English parish and county institutions is, in a great degree, due to the fact that it has been in the hands of these men. If it is to maintain this character, it must be by the same instrumentality. In America the local jobber and wirepuller has carved out a series of steps for himself from the township, through the county and the State, to Congress and the Capitol. If a similar danger is to be averted in England, the upward current which sets in from the Municipality and the County Council to Parliament must be met by a downward current setting in from Parliament to the County and Town Councils. The lower men are thrusting themselves into the higher places; the higher men must adjust the balance by accepting their share of the lower places; and introducing into the daily work of the parish, borough, and county the honourable instincts and traditions by which the magistracy of England has been marked. The electors to the County Councils and the County Councils themselves have in many cases shown a very creditable sense of the value of the services of the gentry of the neighbourhood. It is satisfactory to find, by such elections as those of Cardiff and Devonport, that the borough municipalities are of the same mind. If the feeling be properly responded to, the aristocracy of England may find that, like the Crown, it may regain in influence what ever it is destined to lose in direct authority.

#### THE LOSS OF H.M.S. SERPENT.

IN one respect the loss of H.M.S. *Serpent* is an event on which it is easy to comment. The disaster is the worst which has happened since the *Eurydice* capsized off Dunnoe. It has apparently entailed the loss of nearly a whole ship's company, which is a matter for unmixed regret. Beyond this, however, there is as yet no matter on which to comment with certainty. Whether the wreck was more than one of those misfortunes which happen from time to time to well-handled and solid ships cannot yet be known. For all we know to the contrary, the *Serpent* may have perished through one of those errors of navigation into which even the most competent of seamen may fall, and thoroughly well-navigated vessels do, even when they have a pilot on board, get out of their proper course in storms and fogs. On a dangerous coast such mistakes frequently lead to disaster. The *Serpent* was on a dangerous coast, and had met bad weather on her way from Plymouth. South-westerly and westerly gales would force a vessel endeavouring to round Finistère towards the shore. Her officers may not have judged accurately what the effect of the gale had been on the course of the ship, or the deviations of the compass may have been greater than they had calculated. They may have committed the less pardonable mistake of rounding the Cape too closely in such weather. In either case they would have committed an error which proves nothing as to the quality of the vessel. We say this on the supposition that the version which represents the *Serpent* as having been steered on the rocks off Camarinas is correct, and which has been confirmed by the reported words of the survivors. If the other version—accepted, at least at first by the Admiralty, as we note



with some surprise and a mixture of another feeling—is the right one, if the *Serpent* became disabled through a breakdown in her machinery, and either foundered or was driven helplessly on the rocks, then another comment would have to be made. Considering the past record of the vessel, a serious account would have to be called for from those who sent her to sea.

What can be done, and should be done without hesitation, is to protest against the tone of much of the comment which the most respectable papers have allowed to appear. They feel themselves apparently compelled to rely on the Central News Agency, and the Central News Agency thinks it its duty (we believe this is the recognized motive of a certain class of journalists) to say something. When there is nothing of any value to be said, it is, of course, necessary to fall back on what can be got. A glance at the News Agency's information will show what the quality of the material it has obtained is. It is, to call it by its name, the tittle-tattle of the port. The wife of a petty officer has told the agent that her husband came on shore just before the *Serpent* left to bring off men who had broken their leave—a very common incident, indeed, when ships are leaving port. The petty officer was "down-hearted," and thought the voyage would be an unlucky one. So did other petty officers. Some of the men feared they would never come back. To what end is all this repeated, and what is the value of it? One man was "not very comfortable with his captain"—a most important piece of information. There never was a ship commissioned in HER MAJESTY'S navy in which there was not somebody who was "not very comfortable with his captain." It is not always the fault of the captain. We are informed that a seaman of H.M.S. *Anson* knew a man on board named TAPPER, who had gloomy views of the coming cruise. This seaman, who gave his name, but "wished it to be reserved for the present," was told by his brother, a stoker on board the *Serpent*, that the captain grumbled at the number of mess-traps. He thought one basin quite sufficient for two men. Whereupon "one of the men looked up at him, and said, 'Every pig has got 'a trough of his own.' This man was regarded as a bad character [we can quite believe it], but the men were delighted at his speaking out." They would be, but what does it all mean? The ship was certainly not lost from want of basins, or a superfluity of them. There can be but one intelligible reason for chatter of this kind, and it is the wish to insinuate that Captain Ross was a tyrannical officer. If that is not the object, it is the idlest gabble. We do not think that on either supposition it becomes the columns of a newspaper of standing. For the rest, it is beside the question anywhere. The matter to be reported is the loss of the *Serpent*. With that neither the sentiments entertained by A. B.'s towards the captain, nor his sentiments as to what constitutes a sufficiency of basins, has anything to do. Some taste ought to be shown even in the selection of padding.

#### "AND CHRISTIANITY!"

ACCORDING to the *Times*' report of Mr. MACKENZIE'S paper on the British East Africa Company, which was read at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday, the word "Christianity" was not uttered once by the lecturer. All reference to Christianity was dropped out of a discourse that told of the extension of trade in a barbarous land, and the hope there is that commerce will spread further and further yet over thousands of square miles of the Dark Continent. The slave traffic was not untouched—indeed, it had an important place in Mr. MACKENZIE'S lecture, the main purpose of which was to argue that a State subsidy for railway works in the Company's territory would not only advance the trade interests of the Empire, but would be of incalculable service in stamping out the inhuman traffic in flesh and blood. And yet not a word about carrying the light of Christianity into the dark places of the earth, or any reference to Christianity at all! Mrs. PROUDIE will turn in her grave; other people may hope that a very wretched kind of cant is at last dropping into disuse.

Possibly Mr. GEORGE MACKENZIE, who seems to be a sound-headed man and most capable administrator, may have his own views on the subject, and may never have talked Christianity and commerce, dividends and the divine light, at business meetings. In that case so much the

more credit to him. Yet there are reasons for thinking that its absence on this occasion may not have been due alone to the honourable idiosyncrasy of one great merchant-trader. Circumstances have occurred of late to reduce the expediency of representing Commerce as ever carrying the solace of Christianity into distant and more distant lands. Should any man, at any meeting, think now of gilding a report or a prospectus with rays borrowed from "the torch of civilization," a something that may be conscience or may be something else will whisper in his ear, "It won't do just now; better drop it." There is not a chairman, nor a secretary, nor a promoter in the three kingdoms to whom that voice does not speak, nor one who does not recognize it for the voice of wisdom. And, since the circumstances above-mentioned are unlikely to be forgotten soon, no matter what appearance they may wear when they are better known, who is to say that what begins as a temporary sacrifice to popular feeling may not become habitual decency? It is a by no means improbable event, long as the cant of "Commerce, Civilization, and Christianity hand in hand" has flourished on this side of the border—and the other. Compulsion to cease from it for a time must be the more sharply felt because only the other day, and over this very business of redeeming Africa from savagery, a gush burst forth that has rarely been equalled for volume and stickiness since the Manchester school was most abandoned to self-worship. In saying that, we are not thinking of any particular enterprise, but of a dozen different projects for dispelling African darkness. It was, perhaps, only an expression of what the heirs of all the ages should never forget—that man does not live by bread alone; it was, perhaps, the yearning of a worthy desire to temper dreams of twenty-two per cent. by thoughts of another world; but when the tremendous possibilities of wealth from gums, from spices, from gold, from ivory, from Heaven only knew what products hitherto undiscovered, had been dwelt upon, then came the never-failing peroration about the blessings of civilization and the light of the Cross. "But, gentlemen, whatever may be the fortunes of the enterprise so grandly opened up to British capital, however much or little it may fill the cupboards of our own toilers at the factory and the loom—and I am afraid those cupboards are not always so plentifully stored as you could wish them to be—you will have one source of deep and profound satisfaction. You will know that in regions steeped for countless ages in primeval barbarism, where millions, aye, millions of our fellow-men are still denied the enlightenment and comfort that one book alone can give; you will know that your pioneers will carry with them at every step . . ." &c. This was not only to be heard on platforms, but to be read in a hundred newspapers, just as it used to be when four-fifths of the whole community seemed to be under the persuasion that British commerce was destined to be the most pervasive and powerful moral agency that the world had ever known. It was a melancholy revival. For years before, Englishmen had lain under the reproach of covering a ferocious greed for trade with the cant of apostolic yearnings. A more despicable combination is hardly conceivable; yet for this they were despised infinitely more than they deserved to be, though not without warrant altogether. But what warrant there was had greatly declined when the new "boom" in civilizing missions broke out—the more disgracefully because it seemed to tell of an ineradicable implant of commercial-class hypocrisy. Then a sudden explosion, which need not be specified; and then again the finger of scorn turned from every point in Europe against this canting nation of shopkeepers.

That the accusations which have raised these new reproaches do justify them we shall think of admitting when the accusations have been proved; but it needs no tale of violence from Africa to prove that the Commerce-and-Christianity cant of which, it seems, we are still capable, is disgraceful to the country. Commerce may be the means of dispelling barbarism, of lifting whole nations to a higher life, and of supplanting base and cruel superstitions by a noble faith. If the truth is to be told, we see a great deal to the contrary on various portions of the earth's surface; but these ever-blessed consequences do sometimes follow in the train of trade, if elsewhere it would seem (from results) to have dealt in nothing but degradation, pestilence, and death. But whatever the results, this we know: It is not in the least degree necessary to seek excuses for trade as long as it is commonly honest and commonly humane; the pretence of com-

binning trade enterprise for profit with anxiety to civilize and Christianize benighted brethren in dark continents and distant seas is (not to put too fine a point upon it) humbug—conscious humbug, which is bad, or unconscious, which is rather worse when rightly considered. The man who knowingly lies is not so much of a liar as one who never knew in what veracity consists. And further we know that if trade, dropping all pretence to high and holy missions, were invariably honest and humane, we should much more often see the savage peoples it traffics with in the way of civilization, and much less seldom destroyed by new vices, new distresses, new diseases—such, for instance, as are introduced to whole tribes in bottles of poison labelled “rum.” If British commerce in savage countries would always content itself with being honourable commerce, it would never feel the need of spouting at home about the Bible which it never fails to carry in its left hand wherever it may go, the country would no longer be disgraced by a very sickening kind of cant, and the blacks would have a far better chance of being able to say, for British commerce, that civilization was its better part. The traders of our native land have had a sharp lesson; let them profit by it. The lesson is chiefly addressed to African traders. They may remark that Mr. MACKENZIE dropped all reference to Christianizing mission; it would be well if they could agree to go yet further, and talk a little less about their anxiety to put an end to the horrors of the slave-trade. On that subject a torrent of cant has been poured out of late; it is time the floods abated. African traders are perfectly right when they say that this abominable traffic must decline as they open the country and make cheaper roads than those which kidnapped porters travel. That these roads will be made, for the profit of the makers of them, is a matter of course. The profit, when it comes, will be well and honestly earned, on conditions which, though they may have something to do with morality, need not include any intention of putting down the slave-trade. The slave-trade will be put down all the same. In short, let Commerce do its own business in the right way, and it may leave Civilization and Christianity to their own work; and that work will be none the worse done, but far better than we are able to boast of at present.

#### THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

THE interval which has passed since the election in the United States has only given time for the publication of evidence which proves still further the extent of the Democratic victory. The Republicans have been as utterly and as unexpectedly beaten as the famous Fox and North Coalition. MCKINLEY's martyrs is not a phrase so telling as Fox's; but, if the Republicans were described by the name, it would be perfectly accurate. It is plain that the party is confounded by the extent of the disaster, and it well may be. The loss of seats is comparatively unimportant, great as it has been. If the Republicans had a policy for which they could continue to fight, they might buckle to and make an effort to recover what they have lost. But, as in the already-quoted case of the Coalition, the struggle has not so much been between two policies as between a political machine worked for the mere personal interests of cliques and a strong national feeling. This feeling may not be particularly enlightened. It may have been inspired, and indeed was, by exasperation at the discovery that the MCKINLEY Bill had injured the voter's pocket. But, whatever its cause was, it has been almost universal, and it is likely to be kept alive by what first caused it. That being so, the “machine” has, in all probability, not only been beaten, but been smashed. The Republicans must look about for another platform, or prepare to sink into a handful first, and then disappear as other political leagues have done. It is probable that they will find no great difficulty in deciding which course to take. The voters have rid themselves of Mr. MCKINLEY, who retires with the pleasing conviction, not uncommon among defeated candidates, that, though he was at the bottom of the poll, he really won. They will now rid themselves of Mr. MCKINLEY's policy. Mr. BLAINE is quite ready to throw him over. The wirepullers will get rid of anything rather than their places. So, to adopt the fine confused metaphors of American politics, the Chinese Wall may soon be used as a tub for the whale.

The Democrats and their friends of the Farmers' Alliance, for their part, have a policy which is put in fustian lan-

guage, but quite intelligibly, in the manifesto of the Alliance. The “combined forces,” it says, “of the agricultural and labouring classes must be consolidated against the forces of the corporations, monopolies, trusts, syndicates, and moneyed aristocrats, who have for years feasted upon the substance of the people.” The farmers of the West have, it seems, at last learnt what the planters of the South knew already—namely, that men who live by producing raw materials, and have no competition to fear in the home market, have nothing to gain by Protection. It has taken them a long time to grasp an elementary proposition; but at last they have done so. The Democratic party has therefore a solid and trustworthy self-interest to work on, which is a great advantage to a politician. Mr. CLEVELAND is well justified in applauding himself for sticking to his guns on the Tariff reform question, even at the risk of immediate defeat at the last Presidential election. He did other, and much less worthy, things; but in that respect he showed both sense and courage. The propaganda which he and his friends have carried on for two years would probably have produced comparatively little effect if their opponents had not helped it by the convincing argument contained in the MCKINLEY Bill. But to be helped in this fashion by your enemies is a fluke of luck which not uncommonly happens to politicians who are following what in itself is the more sagacious course. It may be taken for granted that Tariff reform will be the issue in the coming political struggles in America. The shape it will take is a much more obscure question. The Republicans will hardly help their rivals by standing to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. The “Chinese Wall” will be surrendered by the Republican majority of the Senate, and by Mr. HARRISON himself; but then the old difficulty will revive. The surplus will remain to be disposed of; and, as before, it will be hard to do that without accepting what is practically Free-trade. We shall wait for more evidence before believing that the Democratic party can safely go as far as that. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the Farmers' Alliance has other aims than those quoted from the manifesto, and that of them some are far from acceptable to the whole party. There are signs of a division in the party in the choice of a candidate for the Presidency, so that the course of the Democrats is not by any means clear.

#### THE CHANGES ON THE BENCH.

THE retirement of Lord Justice COTTON, after thirteen years of judicial service, was scarcely expected by the public. He was not, as judges go, an old man, and there was no obvious failing in his mental powers. But he had never been robust, and the extreme thoroughness with which he insisted on mastering the details of the most complicated cases gradually broke down his strength. It was announced shortly before the Michaelmas sittings that he would not be able to take his seat on this side of Christmas, and the news of his resignation almost immediately followed. Certain financial arrangements, which need not be more particularly described, make it unusual for an English judge to resign within fifteen years of his appointment. Sir HENRY COTTON, following the precedent of the late Sir RICHARD BAGGALLAY, and the precept of HORACE, declines to put pressure upon faculties which need repose. The courtesy and patience of Sir HENRY COTTON, combined as they were with an unflinching dignity and sweetness of temper, made him agreeable to the legal profession, and earned for him the general respect of the public. He was a thoroughly sound lawyer, with a grasp of principles as well as a memory for cases. These, of course, are not qualities which excite much interest or enthusiasm, and Lord Justice COTTON never laid himself out to be a brilliant or showy judge. He was content to do his duty, and to deal with what came before him without imparting to the reporters and the junior Bar his opinions or prejudices upon things in general. He was never hasty or petulant, like many men of more dazzling reputation than his own. The MASTER of the ROLLS dwelt very happily upon one marked characteristic of the Lord Justice. Most judges, including some of the greatest, wish to stop counsel as soon as they understand a case themselves. Sir HENRY COTTON held a theory, which he often expressed, that this practice was not always wise. There was something else necessary, he said, besides satisfying the mind of



the judge. The parties ought to be convinced that through their advocates they had been sufficiently heard. How far this doctrine admits of being strictly applied to the heterogeneous mass of business which comes before the English Courts at the present time is a question for experts to decide. Sir GEORGE JESSEL would have laughed the idea to scorn, and nobody would dream of comparing Sir HENRY COTTON as a judge with Sir GEORGE JESSEL. If we are to have anything like an elaborate system of jurisprudence, especially without a Code, it is impossible that the general public should comprehend legal proceedings. At the same time, it is important that these should not only be fair, but should appear so to the ordinary understanding.

Lord Justice COTTON's most competent and worthy successor, Sir EDWARD KAY, has enjoyed, or, as Lord ELLENBOROUGH put it, endured, nine years' experience as a judge of first instance. Sir HENRY COTTON, like Mr. ALFRED THESIGER, came straight from the Bar to the Court of Appeal. It is curious at this distance of time to recollect the ferment which raged over Mr. THESIGER's appointment. It was an ignorant clamour; for, though Mr. THESIGER was not forty, he had reached the front rank of his profession, and during the few years which remained to him he made an excellent judge. No one had a word to say against Mr. COTTON's elevation. Indeed, his acknowledged eminence at the Chancery Bar would have made objections absurd. He had the difficult task of succeeding Sir GEORGE MELLISH, and of sitting with Sir WILLIAM JAMES, but he was equal to both positions. Of late years, as the Senior Lord Justice, he has habitually presided in one division of the Court of Appeal, and a very good president he made. He has the satisfaction of knowing that this duty will now fall into the thoroughly efficient hands of Lord Justice LINDLEY. Perhaps there never was a more ludicrous instance of freakish caprice in legal administration than the despatch of the Chancery judges on circuit. The experiment lasted but a few years, and then succumbed to general ridicule. Lord Justice COTTON fared better than some of his colleagues, and furnished less food for mirth at the Bar mess. A singularly cautious and prudent man, he avoided committing himself to anything absurd; nor did he, like one very eminent lawyer, treat prisoners defending themselves as if they were counsel for other people. But he was, perhaps for the first time in his life, thoroughly out of his element, and on a trial for murder he came into very disagreeable collision with the defence. The incident was probably unique in his grave and sedate career, of which the only other irregularity appears to be that, after getting the Newcastle at Eton, he took a second class in classics at Oxford. The mention of his name by the LORD CHANCELLOR at the LORD MAYOR's dinner was received with hearty applause, for the COTTONS are well known, and much respected, in the City. The feelings of the Bar were appropriately uttered by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the Court of Appeal. We believe that Lord SALISBURY, and not Lord HALSBURY, is technically responsible for the selection of Sir EDWARD KAY as the new Lord Justice. No better choice could have been made, though it is possible that the Chancery Division will lose even more than the Court of Appeal will gain. Of Mr. ROMER it may be said that his practice is unusually large, and his popularity almost universal.

#### A LESSON FROM BRISTOL.

THE case of QUIN v. DAVIS, MALPRAS, and BAKER, decided last week in the Bristol County Court, has not received the attention it deserves. It contains a very useful lesson for employers, and a not less useful lesson for the bullies of the Union. In all respects but one the story is familiar. It shows how the Union can tyrannize over those who refuse to submit to its dictation. The novelty of it lies in this, that the victim preferred to take it fighting. Although he is, with manifest injustice, described as a "nervous old gentleman," he brought the bullies to book in the County Court, and was awarded fifty pounds damages. Judge METCALFE thought the sum insufficient, but it was all Mr. QUIN claimed.

The stages which led to this satisfactory conclusion are, as we have said, familiar. The strike at Bristol produced an increase in the rate of payment to the dock labourers. It suggested itself to the master stevedores, who contract for unloading ships, that an increase should not be earned

by the men only. They therefore combined to raise their charges from twopence-halfpenny to fourpence a ton. In order to be the better able to extort this price from ship-owners and merchants, they themselves entered the Union, paying 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  per man to the funds of that body. Their sagacious calculation was that its coercive powers would, if placed at their disposal, be well worth the money; and, considering how things have gone for a year or so, it cannot be said that they judged rashly. Mr. QUIN, who is described as a small stevedore, did not enter the Union. He preferred to work for himself. Using his undoubted right to sell his work at what price he pleased, he offered to continue discharging ships at the old rate. It was his interest to undersell the rival stevedores, and he had a perfect right to do so. He was employed to discharge a steamer called the *Gardiprè*, and for that purpose collected a gang of men whom he paid at the Union rate. It was nobody's business but his own whether or not he chose to rest satisfied with a narrower margin of profit than other stevedores. There was no question of "sweating" the labourers. All that Mr. QUIN was accused of was acting in a manner which might diminish the profits of his rivals in business. These persons had not entered the Union for nothing. They proceeded to call Mr. QUIN a blackleg, and to put all the coercive machinery of the Union in force against him. In this they were helped by that "highly-strung young Democrat" Mr. TILLET. A telegram from this man was produced in court, in which he says, "If any stevedore has broken his agreement with me 'and the Union by cutting down the rates for his 'steamer's discharge, don't allow him to discharge her.'" Mr. QUIN was not allowed. He was prevented by the use of the usual machinery. His labourers were told that if they continued to work for him their Union books would be taken—in other words, they would be shut out of employment. They were overawed, and left the *Gardiprè*. The active agents, in persuading them to refuse work, were the men DAVIS, MALPRAS, and BAKER, whom Mr. QUIN sued. In a moment of weakness Mr. QUIN promised to raise his rate, but he was told that it was too late, and that he should not discharge ships at all. In fact, he was to be ruined for resisting his fellow-stevedores who had "nobbled" the Union. Then Mr. QUIN decided to fight it out. When the prospect of appearing in court was put before them, the Union bullies seem to have been considerably disturbed. Attempts were, it is said, made to compromise the action, and when they failed, to get the action removed from Bristol for *certiorari*. Both efforts failed, and the Unionist wirepullers came before Judge METCALFE. In court all they could argue was that, as the engagement between labourer and stevedore is by the custom of the port terminable at a moment's notice, there could not be said to have been any breach of contract in the refusal of Mr. QUIN's men to continue discharging the *Gardiprè*. The judge was of opinion that no such custom had been proved, and that a promise to work at discharging a ship is a promise to work till she is empty. He therefore decided against the Unionist agitators, and it will, we imagine, be generally acknowledged that he decided in accordance with common sense. The morals of this story are easy to extract. It must be repeated again that the Union did not even pretend to be acting on behalf of the labourers. On the contrary, it bullied them into the loss of a job at the Union rate of pay. It was, in fact, acting as the weapon of certain employers (for master stevedores are employers) who had paid for its services by contributing to its funds. This of itself throws a useful light on the morals of the highly-strung Democrats who work the machine. Another lesson is that in future employers will know against whom to proceed when they suffer loss by the activity of Unionist agents. It is to be hoped that, encouraged by the example of Mr. QUIN, they will proceed.

#### POLICE AND PRISONERS.

THE letter of "Rural Dean" in Wednesday's *Times*, though incorrect in some particulars, brings out clearly enough a rather grave abuse in the practical administration of justice. Many people besides "Rural Dean" must have been struck by the peculiar evidence of Superintendent HEAD in the Oxford shooting case. The Superintendent, who, from his position, must be a man of some experience, described how he asked the prisoner

whether she knew a gentleman called HAINES at Oxford; and on her denying that she did, inquired whether she persisted in her denial; whereupon she answered the original question in the affirmative. In this particular case the conduct of the Superintendent can do neither good nor harm. KATE RIORDAN has admitted that she shot the Master of University, although she says she only meant to frighten him; and the degree of her moral responsibility for her actions is the only disputed part of the matter. But there are circumstances which are not difficult to imagine, and which, indeed, have not infrequently occurred, when persons in custody may have been entrapped into fatal acknowledgments by the zeal of "active and intelligent" policemen. It will be said that the object of criminal justice is to arrive at the truth, and that if people are guilty, the sooner a confession can be procured from them the better. Such, however, is not the law of England. KATE RIORDAN is still, in contemplation of law, an innocent woman. She succeeded in escaping from Oxford in the confusion after Dr. BRIGHT had been wounded; she was only arrested after arriving at her house in Chelsea, and it might well have turned out to be an instance of mistaken identity. At the time when Mr. HEAD put his questions, she had not incriminated herself by a voluntary statement, and her reply to the Superintendent might have been a valuable piece of evidence against her. That, no doubt, is exactly what occurred to the mind of Superintendent HEAD, who may have had visions of himself as the most important witness at a sensational trial. But, then, superintendents ought to know the law, and to proceed in accordance with it. No human being has a right to question KATE RIORDAN on the subject of the crime imputed to her. Neither counsel nor magistrates, neither judge nor jury, have the power thus arbitrarily and inexcusably exercised by Superintendent HEAD. Of course the prisoner had a perfect right to remain silent, or to say that it was not her business to give any account of herself and her friends. But prisoners are often very ignorant, and arrest on criminal process has not a bracing effect upon the intellectual faculties. A man in a uniform with a warrant is to them the embodiment of law and order, quite as much so as a "red judge" himself. They are confused and excited, probably a good deal frightened, and may say anything which comes into their heads.

"Rural Dean," who is not bound like Superintendent HEAD to know the law, erroneously supposes that it is a policeman's duty to caution a prisoner. He puts into the mouth of the ideal constable the familiar formula, "You need say nothing in answer to the charge, but whatever you say may be used against you at trial." It is for the committing magistrates, not for any officer of the police, to use the words of JERVIS's Act which "Rural Dean" cites with substantial accuracy. Mr. Justice HAWKINS, the highest possible authority on the practical side of criminal jurisprudence, has succinctly indicated the proper course to be followed by policemen, high or low, in charge of unconvicted prisoners. They are to keep their eyes and ears open, but to hold their tongues. If persons choose to talk, it is not for the police to check them. On the contrary, they should listen, and, so far as possible, take notes. But they have no right to cross-examine or make any attempt to extort damaging admissions. If they do, they exercise a worse tyranny than any *Juge d'Instruction* in France. It is highly desirable, for the sake of accused persons themselves, as well as in the interests of public justice, that any one charged with a crime should be allowed to give evidence if he pleases. Such is already the law in many cases, and should be the law in all. But, then, the process would be conducted in open court, and in the presence of an experienced judge, when fair play would be secured. If Superintendent HEAD were to repeat at the trial what KATE RIORDAN said to him, she would have no opportunity of denying that she had used the words ascribed to her, and of submitting herself to cross-examination. For murder and attempt to murder have not yet been brought within the scope of offences where the prisoner or defendant is a competent witness. Thus, in the present state of things, it is especially important to protect the accused against irregular examination in secret. "Rural Dean" expresses a fear that the practice against which he rightly protests is very often followed. It may be so where the magistrates at petty sessions have final jurisdiction. But misconduct of the kind we have been discussing is always discouraged, and often severely

denounced, when it comes under the notice of a judge of assize. It will be surprising if Mr. Justice MATHEWS, when he tries the case, does not address a word in season to Superintendent HEAD.

#### THE COLSTON SPEECHES.

COLSTON'S Day at Bristol is a festival which both of the two political parties unite on charitable grounds in celebrating; and we should therefore regard it as ungracious to institute too strict a comparison between the respective degrees of success attained by them in doing honour to the occasion. In most cases, moreover, it would be difficult to find any plausible ground for exalting one of the two celebrations at the expense of the other. As a rule, the speakers at the two banquets are pretty evenly matched both in oratorical ability and political position; and, if one of the two Societies produces a brace of Cabinet Ministers, the other replies by playing a couple of politicians who either have occupied or are confidently expected to fill the same dignified position. The "Dolphin" and the "Anchor," in short, have generally made a dead-heat of it; or, at any rate, if one has gone a little ahead of the other, the distance between them has not been sufficient to justify remark. This year, however, it is difficult to refrain from it. On this occasion it must be confessed that the pull of the Conservative Society is too conspicuous to pass unnoticed. The "Dolphin" made all the running last Thursday night; while the "Anchor"—well, the "Anchor" "dragged." With all respect to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, who was as it were its "best bower"—indeed its only bower, if that be not a nautical solecism—we are afraid that that must be admitted. Sir CHARLES, though hardly so effective perhaps at a dinner-table or in the House of Commons as at *nisi prius*, is nevertheless a "sperity" speaker who can be listened to without difficulty; but it would be absurd to pretend that, even with that powerful peer Lord CAVAN to back him, he represents anything like the same weight of political gun-metal as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and Lord ASHBOURNE. And, in discussing the condition of Ireland, the topic to which the bulk of the speeches at both dinner-tables was of course directed, he replies, it is needless to say, at a great disadvantage in point of expert authority to a former Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant and a present LORD CHANCELLOR of Ireland.

The particular form, too, which was taken by his remarks on this subject must be pronounced unfortunate. On the eve of a new Session of Parliament, he said, "it was time to ask whether the Government, in its period of four years and four months in office, had advanced one single inch nearer to the great problem of bringing Irish opinion on the side of authority and law, and of reconciliation to the continuance of the existing Parliamentary relations between the two islands." Well, if it were in one sense time to ask that question, it was in another sense premature; for, if Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had waited till the next morning, he would have found that Lord ASHBOURNE had already answered it "over the way." He invited his hearers to compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland which Mr. GLADSTONE left behind him in 1886. Then capital was flying from the country, shares were tumbling, and a sense of grave insecurity prevailed among all classes who had anything to lose. Now the law is observed, order is maintained, intimidation and boycotting are being stamped out; material prosperity, in spite of a partial failure of the potato crop, is increasing; and such distress as is likely to arise in certain districts will be relieved by Mr. BALFOUR's administrative measures. Surely all this would seem to show, in answer to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's question, that the Government has "advanced more than a single inch"—say, at least, a foot or so—nearer to the problem of "bringing Irish opinion on the side of authority and law." Or is it really only that kind of "reconciliation" which goes with that description of "order" which historically "reigned at Warsaw"? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL himself says that, "except on the Luggacurran, the PONSONEY, the CLANRICARDE, the OLPHEERT, and a few other estates, there was no actual acute state of things over the greater part of Ireland." Order, in other words, does reign over that great part of Ireland, and an appearance of contentment. And once more we ask Sir CHARLES whether it is really only "order of the Varsovian type," and the contentment appropriate thereto? In



other words, is Ireland tranquil because a lawless minority have been brought to obedience, with the hearty good will and approval of the majority? Or is its tranquillity merely the terror-stricken silence of a whole population crouching under the tyrant's whip? Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is a man of sense, and of a sense of humour, when he is not speaking to his party brief. Will he lay it aside for a moment, and then answer the question we have just put to him?

#### THE NEW RIFLE.

IF the very severe and well-written attack on the LEE-SPEEDY magazine rifle which has appeared in the *Times* of this week is but one-half well founded, no more should be heard of the weapon, beyond a brief announcement that it has been given up. It would be absurd to discuss the technical portions of these papers. Descriptions of machinery unaccompanied by drawings are rarely intelligible, even when they are ample. A condensed version of them must needs be naught. But the points which the writer endeavours to prove, and his conclusions, which he supports by copious reasons, are easy to understand and to repeat. Put in a nutshell, his case is that the rifle is a finished specimen—or rather will be so when the War Office is done tinkering with it—of the over-ingenious, complicated, and delicate toys with which all land and sea forces are to-day incumbered. It has one constitutional weakness which is inherent in the principle on which it is constructed. Round this a score of minor weaknesses have been collected in the form of mechanical devices laboriously worked out to obviate its smaller defects. After all the arranging and rearranging to which it has been subjected, it is a very pretty *tour de force*, which might reflect great credit on the ingenuity of its inventor. Unfortunately it is so delicate, that even when properly used by well-trained men, under the most favourable circumstances, it is continually breaking down, and it is full of traps for the unwary. In the hands of the average soldier it would be for ever either going off when it should not, or hanging fire when it should go off. The world is not unaware that armies must necessarily continue to be composed of the average soldier. Also, it is no secret that the virtue of a weapon is to be trustworthy in circumstances which are not easy. Unless the writer in the *Times* can be shown to have utterly misstated the case, it will be held that he proved the unfitness of the rifle to be used by such men in such cases, which is only to say that, however ingenious it may be, it is a very bad weapon.

For our part, we are quite prepared to receive confirmation of the criticisms in the *Times*, and to learn that the LEE-SPEEDY rifle is only one more instance of the follies which have sprung, and will continue to spring, from the mechanical mania of this generation. We are not equally disposed to make its sins the text for an attack on the War Office. The department has had its share of our attention, and has richly deserved it; but in this case it is, for aught we can learn, to be pitied for its sufferings from a universal disease. Blunders of this kind are made abroad. If they are not heard of, it is because no foreign press would dare to criticize its War Office as ours is criticized. How long is it since it was reported, on reasonably good authority, that half the new rifles issued to the Austrian soldiers were returned to store damaged within a month? Yet the Austrian War Office had taken the weapon. Is it, or is it not, the case that the German Government has been chopping and changing, issuing rifles and calling them in, and has, but not till after deciding to adopt it, discovered that the smokeless powder smashes its barrels? These things are said, and often with truth. The fact is that all Admiralties and War Offices are to-day suffering from a disease for which no adequate name has yet been invented. It takes the form of a canine appetite for mechanical devices of every kind. Its works are ships which cannot bear their own engines, guns which cannot bear their own weight, and when fired knock their platforms to pieces, powder which rips the inside out of guns, and cobwebs of electric wires which are as ill to handle as a patient suffering from rheumatic fever. All the military world has taken to considering its weapons in the abstract, and not in their connexion with the very concrete TOM BOWLINE and THOMAS ATKINS, who must handle them, and the places in which they must be used. But, though we state these considerations as reasons for not hanging the Small Arm Committee, or even the porters at the War Office, we by no

means advance them as excuses for the continued existence of the LEE-SPEEDY magazine rifle. Let it go, and all things like it, by all means. Let us get a little common sense back, and think for ourselves. Let us give up rushing at every new gimcrack because the foreigner has it. We want more of the wisdom of FLUELLEN. In this respect, however, we are not at all sure that the War Office or the Small Arm Committee stand in more need of reform than the rest of the country. Above all, let us not go off in clamours for a change of system in the usual way. As long as the present delusion lasts, any change will either put us in the hands of an expert, who will probably be a maniacal mechanician like the rest, or of some one who will be led by the nose by mechanicians.

#### LORD SALISBURY AT THE GUILDHALL.

FOR a speech which was confessedly, and from the circumstances of its delivery, unusually ill-furnished with novel or even fairly interesting subject-matter, the PRIME MINISTER's after-dinner discourse at the Guildhall last Monday was singularly rich, pointed, and pregnant in remark. Lord SALISBURY passed more rapidly this year than is his wont over his general review of foreign affairs, at least in their strictly political aspect; but, on the other hand, he dwelt, and not unnaturally, with even more than his customary insistence, on the industrial and economical relations of States and their bearing on the politics of the world. The public have laughed, and deservedly, at the PREMIER's drollings about pigs and lobsters—though the two cases are so different that we feel tempted to adapt, with the necessary transference of its concluding anathema, the famous exclamation of Sir JOSEPH BANKS (*apud Petrum Pindarum*) with reference to the fleas; and, if we were inclined to be captious, we might further observe that the “low, practical, and prosaic” cause of international quarrel has played a relatively larger, and the sentimental variety a relatively smaller, part in the warlike history of nations than Lord SALISBURY's pleasantry would appear to recognize. We quite admit, however, that contentions of the former class have taken a new form, as well as have developed a fresh notoriety, in these latter days. Wars arising out of mutually hostile tariffs are not unknown; but tariff wars themselves, and, above all, tariff wars persisted in with the inveterate animosity which characterizes them nowadays, are practically an invention of our own time. And the increasing energy with which these fiscal campaigns are being prosecuted all over the world does, undoubtedly, lend much force to Lord SALISBURY's vindication of his desire to acquire “large stretches of African territory, and to place them under the British flag.” Critics of these arrangements should consider, as the PRIME MINISTER justly said, how closely intertwined the questions of commercial freedom and territorial supremacy are in these days; “and should remember that every bit of the world's surface that is not under the British flag is a country which may be, and probably will be, closed to us by a hostile tariff.”

Very much to the point, too, were Lord SALISBURY's observations on the labour question and the gloomy industrial prospect which would be opened out to us by the success of those interested politicians who are now “preaching arrangements which the modern world has never heard of before, and which savour of the darkest superstition ‘by which industry was ever oppressed.’” From the Eight Hours' Bill, and those who coquet with it, with an eye on the electoral horizon, it is a natural transition to the subject of political meteorology, on which the PRIME MINISTER had one or two agreeably caustic remarks to bestow. The most effective of his hits was, no doubt, his reference to the leading case of the “brav Général,” whose defeat he cited as an example of the value of this kind of political foresight. “General BOULANGER carried bye-election after bye-election in all the greatest towns in France; but somehow General BOULANGER did not win.” No, General BOULANGER did not win; to that extent, at any rate, the omen is satisfactory. It is well to encourage the faint-hearted—those strange people who are terrified by the mere blasts of the brazen Gladstonian trumpet—by such reminders; but other than the faint-hearted perhaps not so well. Not so well certainly for those—and they are many in the Unionist camp—who are not alarmed easily enough, and who content themselves with laughing at the Gladstonian trumpeter—a very good thing, indeed an unavoidable thing in its way—without at

the same time remembering that he laughs best who laughs last, and resolving so to stick to their electioneering work as to secure this coveted position for their cackinnations. This kind rather want reminding that, if "le brav" "Général" was beaten so handsomely at the polls, it was probably because a large number of French indifferentists were roused by the fear that he might win, and determined to do their best to prevent it.

#### LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT.

THE Junior Fellow's vows were said;  
Among his co-mates and their Head  
His place was fairly set.  
Of welcome from friends old and new  
Full dues he had, and more than due;  
What could be lacking yet?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote!"  
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,  
Save where his front was white,  
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes  
With critic nose, as ancients use  
To judge mankind aright.

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—  
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,  
Awaited the decree;  
But Tom had judged: "He loves our race,"  
And, as to his ancestral place,  
He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall  
A *versus socius* known to all  
I came and went and sat,  
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach;  
For none a title could impeach  
Accepted by the cat.

While statutes changed, and freshmen came,  
His gait, his wisdom were the same,  
His age no more than mellow;  
Yet nothing mortal may defy  
The march of *Anno Domini*,  
Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies;  
Mere old hath softly closed his eyes  
With late and honoured end.  
He seems, while catless we confer,  
To join with faint Elysian purr,  
A tutelary friend.

#### THE DAVID COX EXHIBITION AT BIRMINGHAM.

THERE is an obvious propriety in choosing the occasion of the Art Congress at Birmingham for an exhaustive collection of the works of her greatest artist. Cox, indeed, belonged to Birmingham, if he did not get his finest inspiration from it. He was born here in 1783, and it was to its suburb of Harborne that he retired in 1841, weary of art teaching, and determined to devote the remainder of his life to the full expression of himself as an artist. How wise he was to do so, both for the sake of art and his own reputation, this exhibition is a convincing proof. He did, indeed, much beautiful and accomplished work before this, and there were special qualities in it; but he did not stand out clear and distinct from his contemporaries, and he had only just begun to show how his genius could be strengthened and developed by the use of oil-colours. If he had died before 1841, he would never have been known as a "bright particular star" in the history of English art. His career is one of the most remarkable instances of a late development, or rather of a slow one suddenly bursting out in splendid blossom when the powers of most are beginning to wane. For Cox was fifty-three years old before he so humbly took those few and fruitful lessons in oil-painting from his junior Müller which increased so greatly his power of self-expression; and he was some two years older before he gave up teaching, and devoted his whole time and soul to his art.

It is one of the chief attractions of this exhibition, at least to the student of English art, that it enables him to trace with some accuracy and little interruption the progress of Cox from pupil to master. Such study is not a little hampered, indeed, by the method of hanging pictures without regard to date. Some of the earlier drawings are planted in the middle of a crowd of later works, but this is the only fault which can be found with the taste and judgment exercised by Mr. Charles Radclyffe (the son of Cox's old friend William Radclyffe, the celebrated engraver) and his colleague, Mr. William Hall (son of another old friend of Cox, well known by his biography of the artist), who share with Mr. Whitworth Wallis the great praise due for the arrangement of the exhibition. In some instances this arrange-

ment has been singularly happy even for purposes of historical study. It is no little advantage, for instance, to be able to see at the same glance Lord Armstrong's drawing of "Lancaster Castle" (1835), so like to George Barrett, jun., in its golden suffusion of sunlight, and Mr. Joseph Gillott's "Rain-cloud" (1852), which reminds one of no one but David Cox; or to be able to compare so easily Mrs. Betts's exquisitely delicate "Bolton Abbey" (1830) with the full power and freedom of the same lady's "River in Flood" (1850). More singularly happy is the accident or thoughtfulness which has exposed in the same frame four nearly perfect drawings, differing completely in style, and ranging over a period of a quarter of a century. These are all lent by Miss Crabb, an old friend of the artist. Two—"The Plough" (418) and "On the Thames" (417)—belong to the year 1825, when Cox was still a drawing-master at Hereford; another—"The Passing Shower" (1840)—is one of the most exquisite examples of Cox's water-colour work at its maturity, tender but sparkling in colour, and radiant as a gem; while the fourth, in which body-colour has been used, is remarkable for its almost Titianesque breadth and richness of colour. If a stronger contrast is to be desired, it will be found by comparing Mr. Gillott's drawing of "Winchelsea" (584) with Mr. George Graham's "Sea-piece" (583). There are forty years between these two drawings, and in those forty years took place not only almost the whole development of Cox, but the greater part of the development of the English school of water-colour. The "Winchelsea" might be mistaken for a Girtin, the "Sea-piece" could not have been painted by Girtin, or Turner, or Cotman, or Varley, or De Wint, or Copley Fielding, but by one artist only—David Cox.

So much for history; but history, though not forgotten, has not, perhaps, been so much the object of the promoters of this exhibition as to show David Cox for once in all his glory by the collection of his finest works in oil and water-colour. We miss a few of his finest achievements, as, for example, "The Skylark," but on the whole it is the most comprehensive and finest collection of the artist's work that has yet been made, not excepting the great gathering at the Liverpool Fine Arts Club in 1875. It might even be objected that it was too comprehensive. Various as are Cox's subjects and moods, he yet did what was practically the same thing over and over again, and though there is nothing in the exhibition which is not genuine and a good "specimen," it might have been subjected to another winnowing with advantage. This has been done accidentally, as it were, in such a picked selection as that of Mr. James Orrock, which, though small, leaves the visitor little to learn of David Cox at his best as a colourist and painter of light by means of water-colour, and for luminous quality in oil-painting there are scarcely any pictures which rival the same collector's "Crossing the Sands" and "Going to the Plough." We have left to the last the mention of Cox's most important pictures, many of which have become so historical by the enormous prices they have fetched, and from other causes, that there is little need to refer to them at any length. There is the finest of his sea-pieces, the "Rhyll Sands," which was once bought by Mr. Levy for 2,300*l.*, and now forms part of that magnificent bequest of Mr. Joseph Nettlefold which makes the art gallery of Birmingham a place of pilgrimage for the admirers of a master altogether unrepresented in Trafalgar Square. In the same collection is the finest version of "The Skirts of the Forest" and "In the Hayfield," the lovely small "Evening" and "Waiting for the Ferry," with many another which to describe were long. Here also is the little great picture of "Peace and War" (now belonging to Mr. John Cann), the subject of the historic competition at Christie's between Mr. Agnew and the buyer for Mr. Gillott, in 1872, when it was knocked down to the latter for 3,601*l.* 10*s.*, the largest sum ever paid for so small a landscape (23 inches by 17½). The first price paid for this picture was 20*l.* Here also are Mr. Walker's "Collecting the Flocks" and Mr. Alex. Henderson's "Changing Pasture." Nor is the exhibition wanting in examples of the last grand phase of his water-colour art, when he painted with his mind rather than his fingers, and expressed all the poetry of his nature at the last. Not to be forgotten among these is the noble "Mountain Heights" belonging to Mrs. Enoch Harvey.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE crisis in New York on Monday and Tuesday re-awakened the alarm that had been abating here, set afloat once more rumours of impending failures, and increased the difficulties of the Settlement that began on Tuesday; and it is no wonder, for not often, even in the midst of panic, has there been a greater or more general fall than took place in New York. In a single day Milwaukee Shares fell 5½, Big Fours 4½, Louisville and Nashville 4½, Erie and Norfolk and Western 3½ each, Lake Shore 3, Philadelphia and Reading 2½, and Atchison 1½, while Northern Pacific dropped 3 in one day and 12 the following. The full significance of these figures will be understood when it is borne in mind that prices in the American market have been giving way ever since the end of May. Compared with the highest quotations in the boom that followed the introduction of the Silver Bill, there has been a fall even in such good investment stocks as New York Central and Illinois, of nearly 14 per cent. in the former and nearly 25 per cent. in the second. In the more speculative securities the fall has been



heavier. It has been about 24 per cent. in Louisville and Nashville shares, nearly 37 per cent. in Union Pacific, nearly 40 per cent. in Milwaukee and Erie, and about 42 per cent. in Atchison shares. There is a very general impression both in London and in New York that this extraordinary depreciation of securities is due mainly to great operators who, for one reason or another, desire to knock down prices; to Mr. Jay Gould, as usual, the lead being ascribed. No doubt there is a good deal of speculative selling, and probably also alarmist rumours are wilfully set afloat. But it is idle to suppose that a fall so great, so general, and so prolonged could have been caused by mere "bear operations." Speculators, however wealthy, and however clever, cannot succeed in manoeuvres of the kind unless they are favoured by circumstances; and in New York circumstances undoubtedly favoured speculative selling.

There is in the United States, as well as in Europe, a very great lock-up of capital. Between the beginning of 1885 and the end of 1887 there was a vast over-construction of railways in the North-West and the South-West. The bonds and shares that were issued to enable the Companies to build were not applied for by the investing public. They have remained ever since in the hands of bankers and other great capitalists, and consequently have in large measure disabled the very wealthy from operating as largely as usual in the stock markets. The general public in the United States for the time being had become so dissatisfied with railway management, that they abstained altogether from investing in either railway bonds or railway shares, and turned their attention to lands and houses and industrial investments. As happened here in Europe, there was a multitude of Trust Companies formed, there was a great conversion of breweries and other industrial concerns into Companies, and there was an extraordinary speculation in lands and houses. At the same time, very large amounts of capital were invested in the South in founding new industries, constructing railways, and the like. In short, new investments of all kinds have been created in excess for the time being of the savings of the country, and a fall in prices is the necessary result. The fall has been made more disastrous than it otherwise would have been, because the European demand for American investments has during the past couple of years greatly fallen off, and during the present year Europeans have been selling on an extraordinary scale. As our readers know, there is a great lock-up of capital here at home and upon the Continent as well as in the United States. And, owing partly to this lock-up, partly to the crises in South America and South Africa, and partly to the stringency in the money market, European capitalists have been obliged to sell the securities for which there was a free market, in order to pay for those securities which cannot be disposed of, and to meet other liabilities. The selling has caused a considerable decline in Consols, colonial stocks, and other investment securities, and it has brought about the crash in the American market upon which we are commenting. As holders in Europe as well as in America were anxious to sell and few were ready to buy, every sale has depressed the market; for those who held upon borrowed money, finding margins running off and differences increasing against them, have been obliged to sell. Their sales embarrassed other operators, and so the difficulties of successive sets of holders have led to fall after fall.

The crisis has been aggravated by the unwise legislation of the last session of Congress. The Silver Act was expected by its promoters to make money exceeding plentiful, and raise all prices. On the contrary, it induced a reckless speculation in silver which locked up more capital, created an extraordinary demand for loans, and finally helped to make the money market stringent. Then the Tariff Act led to so great a temporary increase in imports that money accumulated in the Treasury faster than it could be paid out in the redemption of debt. An extraordinary stringency ensued. The reserves of the banks fell below the legal minimum, loans had to be called in, and speculators were obliged to sell what they could dispose of at any cost. Then came the unexpected and overwhelming defeat of the Republicans, with the possibility of a dead-lock between the two Houses of Congress, the prospect of legislation undoing all that has recently been done, and thus making the trade outlook for the next two years utterly uncertain. It is to be recollected too that the Democratic party passed the Inter-State Commerce Act, and may possibly legislate further against the railways. The agricultural interest, which has just supported it so largely in the late elections, desires to see rates reduced very greatly. But the railway Companies declare that rates are already as low as they can be reduced, and the public, therefore, fear that, if there is further legislation like the Inter-State Commerce Act, railway property will be seriously injured.

The Liquidation having thus lasted for almost half a year, it is natural to assume that it is nearly, if not quite, completed. So far as London is concerned, those who are in the best position to judge are undoubtedly of opinion that the speculative accounts open for the rise have been enormously reduced of late, and that stocks have been either transferred to America or bought by capitalists who are rich enough to pay for them. And the Settlement this week would seem to confirm the opinion. It is probable, therefore, that were the London market alone affected the selling would now cease. It would be rash, however, to infer that therefore the fall has come to an end. Here in London on Tuesday there was an extraordinary recovery. It was announced in the Stock Exchange in a semi-official way that a large amount of gold

was immediately to be sent into the Bank of England, and many American shares rose four and five dollars. But in spite of the recovery in London there was a panic in New York. And it may be doubted whether the Liquidation there is yet completed. Those who have locked up too much of their capital in securities that cannot immediately be realized may have to go on selling those securities for which there is a market, no matter how great the loss may be. If so, it is possible that we may see even a further fall. For some time past there has been much distrust in New York. Bankers have not only been calling in loans, and allowing discounts to run off, they have been very particular, also, as regards those to whom they made advances, and it is said that they have been unwilling to lend large sums even to borrowers in good credit. To some extent, no doubt, bankers have been obliged to limit the accommodation they give their customers because their reserves have run very low. But the discrimination as to borrowers, and the unwillingness to lend one person much, afford evidence that there is also distrust; and as long as distrust continues, holders of stocks will be compelled to sell, and therefore prices may probably go lower.

The Fortnightly Settlement which began on Tuesday has passed over more easily than the most sanguine expected. On Monday evening, indeed, the gravest fears were entertained. During the fortnight then ended the fall in American railroad securities ranged from about 3 to about 15 dollars. People asked one another anxiously whether differences so enormous could be paid, and if not what would be the consequences. And the knowledge that New York was in a more rickety state than London did not lessen the anxiety, while respecting Berlin also there was much uneasiness. When the house opened on Tuesday the feeling was not less gloomy. But suddenly hope was inspired by the announcement made by the Bank of England broker that a large amount of gold was to be sent into the Bank. Prices instantly rose, about 2 or 3 dollars, which reduced most seasonably the differences to be paid. The joint-stock and private banks, too, were liberal in their dealings with Stock Exchange borrowers, making nearly all the advances required at from 6 to 6½ per cent. Within the Stock Exchange it was shown that the accounts open for the rise had been again considerably reduced. Home railway stocks were scarce, and a rate had to be paid for postponing delivery in the case of both North-Western and Great Western stocks. European Government stocks, too, were not in plentiful supply, Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese especially being scarce. But exceedingly heavy rates were charged for carrying over South American securities, especially Cédulas. In the American market rates ranged from about 7 to 9 per cent. Upon the whole, then, the evidence of the Settlement goes to show that the weaker speculators have nearly all been compelled to close their accounts, and that stocks have been very largely transferred to the hands of purchasers who are able to pay for them. In spite of all the apprehensions, only one small failure was announced during the Settlement.

As stated above, the critical state of the markets brought home the conviction that something must be done to lessen apprehension, and accordingly arrangements have been made for importing somewhat over four millions sterling in gold. The Bank of France has for a long time carefully guarded its stock. It supplied Egypt and Germany indeed with large amounts, but it would part with little for the Bank of England. The Directors, however, have at last changed their policy, and two, indeed it is now said three millions sterling are coming from Paris. From St. Petersburg 1½ million more is to come, and 600,000*l.* are on the way from Brazil. Naturally the announcement had, as stated above, a great and beneficial effect upon the stock markets. Happily as yet there has not been much falling away in the discount market. The open market rate, indeed, is only about 5½ per cent., which is too low; but if it is kept at that figure, possibly little harm will be done. The danger is that, as soon as the gold is sent into the Bank of England, the bill-brokers and discount-houses will begin as usual to compete with one another, and will force down rates, with the result that gold will once more begin to be sent away. There are always miscellaneous demands, and they will make themselves felt if rates give way. But the most serious danger just now is from New York. As may be seen above, New York is passing through a very sharp crisis. On Monday and Tuesday borrowers paid at the rate of nearly 100 per cent., reckoning commission and interest for accommodation. This being so, it is evident that everything possible will be done by the banks to strengthen themselves, and they may, therefore, take gold from the Bank of England if the rates current here allow it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the great houses which have succeeded, contrary to expectation, in obtaining so large a sum will take the necessary measures to prevent its being taken away; while it is incumbent upon the Bank of England, and the joint-stock and private banks too, to do what in them lies to protect the reserve.

The silver market has been much firmer this week than would have been supposed under the circumstances. Since the beginning of the year the price has practically been controlled by New York, and New York is passing just now through a severe crisis. Presumably those who have speculated so largely in silver have speculated also in securities, and it might therefore have been expected that the panic of Monday and Tuesday would have compelled those speculators to sell silver at any sacrifice, and thus to have broken the market. Probably they had sold largely during the past month or so; but in any case they have not sold on a

very considerable scale this week, for the price has remained fairly steady. It rose to 47½*d.* per ounce on Monday, and declined on Tuesday only to 47¼*d.* per ounce. On Wednesday the India Council sold only a very small amount of bills and transfers, and this steadied the London market.

The Board of Trade Returns for October are more satisfactory than was expected. It was feared that the losses on the Stock Exchange, the labour disputes, the crisis in South Africa and South America, the disturbance caused by the Silver Act, and the effect of the McKinley Tariff would all have made themselves felt. As a matter of fact, the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows an increase of considerably over half a million, being somewhat more than 2½ per cent. And the value of the imports shows a decrease of less than 1 per cent. Compared with other months of the year, the increase in the exports is small. Still, it is satisfactory to find that the shipments both of coal and of cotton have been very large. Raw cotton, too, has been imported in large quantities.

#### THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Society of British Artists has induced Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Watts to become members of its body, and the latter artist is sufficiently good-natured to have sent a new and important work to the winter exhibition. This is a portrait of Lord Tennyson (345), dated 1890, and painted, we believe, at Haslemere during the past summer. This everybody will wish to see. It is in Mr. Watts's best manner, and displays none of the eccentricities into which he has of late been betrayed. It is solidly modelled, dignified in line, sober and yet rich in colour. It represents the Poet Laureate in his ermine robes as a peer, almost front face against a background of dark-green tapestry, bordered with gold. The beard is grizzled, but the moustache and the soft veils of thin hair on each side of the high-domed skull are still dark brown. All lovers of the poet—that is to say, all good Englishmen—will rejoice to believe that Mr. Watts has seen those carnations of health which he has painted in the cheeks and lips, and the steel-coloured light as clear as this under the drooping eyelids. This is a very beautiful record of a great man in hale old age.

The rest of the exhibition in Suffolk Street does not rise very far above the average. A painter of the Newlyn school, however, Mr. T. Brangwyn, has exhibited a work which is of importance in quality and size, and which will increase his reputation. "We therefore commit his body to the deep" (381) is a very simple, direct, and pathetic rendering of a burial at sea. It is all painted in dim colours, under a pale sky, the angle of dark rolling sea to the right hand being the only positive bit of colour. The scene is treated without dramatic emphasis; the mourners are in their working dress; the labour of the ship has evidently but been put aside for a moment. Yet the general effect of the composition is one of great sincerity and truth, while the individual figures are well grouped and carefully distinguished.

Mr. George Roller's "Play up, Surrey" (438) "surprises by himself," for he is six feet high, not in his boots, but in his flannels, and one sees him from every part of the gallery. This handsome young cricketer nonchalantly descending the steps of the Pavilion at Lord's, the cynosure of amateurs, with his bat under his arm, will be a popular favourite; but we ask ourselves why he should be painted on a scale so enormous. Mr. Fred Mayor is an artist who seems to have affinities with what is called the Glasgow school. His "Three Little Breton Maids" (28) are brightly drawn, but we do not know why they should cast brilliant violet shadows; his "Up Aloft" (528) is a very clever "impression" of a sailor up in the rigging; but it is spoiled by the false tone of the blue sky, which looks like a painted wall. Near the head of Lord Tennyson hangs Mr. Hubert Vos's facile and somewhat superficial, but workmanlike, portrait of "Mr. Garritsen" (352). The visitor should note Mr. Titcomb's sketch (446) of a lady in a black dress and a pink veil, leaning back against a mass of white draperies, and laughing. It is very skilful.

Among the landscapes, Mr. Julius Olsson, who belongs to the St. Ives community, deserves great credit for his "Cornish Pastoral" (254), a scene on the tableland of the Lizard—a very large sky, with a few golden clouds floating on it, and a farm with a cluster of trees closing the vague green space of plain. Mr. Stuart Lloyd's "Wells, Norfolk" (276), is a twilight effect; the old town seen brownish-red against a great yellow sky of sunset, the clouds gathering bluish-grey on the horizon. Mr. Iglesias exhibits a large view of "Durham" (313) in an effective mist. An elegant conventional landscape, like a Corot, "Glimmering Night" (341), is signed by Mr. J. H. Snell. The "Sunset Breeze" (374) of Mr. Nelson Dawson is a strong effect of tossing dark blue sea, with a brown smack bearing down across it, the whole painted in deep tones without reflected light. Another agreeable example of Mr. Dawson is "Scarborough Harbour" (44), painted in shades of pale grey and lilac. There is merit in Mr. John Fulwood's large study of a Sussex river, "Meandering" (77). Mr. Brockbank's "Water-Lilies" (140) is a graceful landscape. We must not omit to mention a bright little hunting-party, "On Pleasure Bent" (300), by Mr. G. G. Kilburne. The President, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, exhibits several of his large studies of architectural interiors. In the sculpture only

two specimens deserve attention, Mr. F. W. Pomeroy's careful head of a "Lady" (578), and Mr. George Tinworth's large terracotta panel of "Women at the Sepulchre" (175), modelled for the private chapel at Castle Ashby.

#### THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON.

A GREAT deal of obscurity has always hung over the military details of Edward IV.'s march from the North before the battle of Barnet, and historians have wondered why he did not meet with more effectual opposition by the way. The Earl of Warwick, we are commonly told, remained shut up in Coventry, and awaited reinforcements; and when the reinforcements came it was too late for him to intercept the Yorkist movements. A different version of these events, however, has been lately discovered; and, while it does not affect our conception of the main course of history, it certainly leads us to think better of Warwick's judgment as a strategist, and to ascribe his failure to conditions which were outside both his power and his knowledge. According to this version Warwick, so far from being inactive at Coventry, marched promptly on Northampton, and not only held the town and the adjacent country to the west, but succeeded in disguising the amount of his forces from Edward and the Yorkist sympathizers who conveyed intelligence to him. Edward had counted on either capturing or, in modern phrase, masking Northampton, and striking the line of Watling Street somewhere about Stony Stratford. The Duke of Clarence, meanwhile, was moving from the west to join him; but, in order to do so, he had to defeat or out-manceuvre the Duke of Somerset, who, from his base at Cirencester, was aiming at the command of the upper Thames valley. With the means of communication then existing the Northern armies were naturally left to conjecture as to everything that was happening south and west of the Thames. Pushing on eagerly to hear some word of Clarence, Edward received at Northampton a check which has been strangely overlooked by most historians, though at first sight it appeared not unlikely to change the fortunes of the campaign. Warwick, issuing suddenly from Northampton, and covered, it seems, by a more powerful and concentrated artillery fire than had yet been seen in any European field, fell upon the right flank of Edward's army while it was marching in a column of unwieldy length, and entangled in the passage of the Nen. His superiority at the point of attack was not enough to prevent the fight from being obstinate, but it was enough to prevail. Edward, with about two-thirds of his men, was glad to draw off in tolerable order to the eastward; and Warwick, not being provided with fresh troops, did not seriously molest his retreat. The other third of the Yorkists were cut off and driven back in disorder towards the north; and before their leaders could reorganize them to any purpose, events in the south had deprived them of the chance of displaying their military qualities under this reverse.

The situation of the adversaries, who were contending for the road to London, now caused the centre of military interest to lie in the triangle formed by Newport Pagnell, Stony Stratford, and Fenny Stratford. If Warwick could establish himself at Fenny Stratford, the enemy's march on London would be stopped, and, at worst, Henry VI. would have time to organize the defence of the capital. Edward, making no attempt to restore communication with his defeated rearguard, sent on such light troops as were unbroken to seize Newport Pagnell. Warwick was pushing on by way of Stony Stratford, and hoped, with the advantage of the Roman road, to be at Fenny Stratford before Edward could arrive in force. At this point, however, the Lancastrian advanced guard met with unexpected signs that a fresh body of the enemy was present. Somerset, as it turned out, had altogether failed to arrest Clarence in his enterprise. While Somerset, expecting Oxford and the upper Thames to be held in force, was feeling his way about the borders of Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, and Berks, Clarence had left a mere handful to garrison Oxford, and pushed on to the east till he was within touch of Edward. His main body was on Watling Street before Warwick had realized the new danger, and what had been Edward's remaining army was now the rearguard of the combined march on London. Just as Warwick thought he had forced Edward to a decisive engagement before Fenny Stratford, he was thus deprived of the victory which, so far as it depended on his own strategy, he had well earned. And as the pieces were cleared away and the maps folded up, the umpire declared that the occupation of London and the battle of Barnet would, or at any rate might, have ensued in accordance with the ordinary sources of information. It is a note of heretical privacy, or at least of temerarious levity, to speak of chances in history nowadays. But it may be allowed that Kriegspiel has chances. This time, however, Kriegspiel did not reverse the judgment of history.

Where then, and on whose tables, was the campaign of Barnet fought anew? Of whom was the smoke, not of battle, that curled round the umpire's head as he passed to and fro between the armies of York and Lancaster, and with masterful finger ruled the issues of their moves? We may not reveal the time and place; but it was in no garrison or orderly room, nor were the players men of war. It was in a peaceful seat of learning; they were scholars, historians, men of books; even clerks in orders



are believed to have been among them on this or other like occasions.

One of the vulgar errors not dead yet is the notion that the type of a successful student is a pale-faced creature poring over books with midnight oil. Increase of common sense among students will soon have deprived this notion of such foundation in fact as it ever had. All steady workers know that, except in the rarest cases, midnight oil is the most wasteful form of expense. Oil was burnt by this party (within reasonable hours), but it illuminated no solitary and silent work. The maps dotted with red and blue pieces and counters (the pieces for each player's troops, the counters for the more or less vaguely known enemy), were the centre of eager discussion and expectation. A spectator privileged to visit both rooms and boards might inwardly chuckle, not without instruction, on each party's conjectures of the enemy's strength and position, and their deviations from the fact. A player would now and then attempt to make use of his personal knowledge of the country; but this is admitted only so far as not inconsistent with the map, and a strict umpire will not admit it at all; for the game is the game, and if private glosses on the map are once allowed, there can be no certainty. Still there is some excuse for luxury. There is no want, indeed, of good maps for tactical games. Besides the six-inch Ordnance map, which however must be prepared by making the contours visible, there is an excellent two-inch map of the Aldershot regions published by the War Office. For strategic operations covering a wider extent of ground, there is not an adequate supply of good maps in this country; the maps in common use, reduced with more or less exactness from the old one-inch Ordnance survey, are for the most part very imperfect in details. It is therefore hard for a player to refrain his tongue when he happens to know the ground of his own knowledge. Imaginary countries can be arranged and varied at will by means of maps with interchangeable sections which are specially made and provided for the purpose. In this manner your Kriegspiel player can merrily land an army corps on the coast of Bohemia, or turn Portsmouth into an inland fortress. From the sportsmanlike point of view the game is perhaps best on this purely conventional field; but then it loses the interest that springs, as in the case of the battle of Northampton, from revising the actual campaigns of history.

And this kind of historical interest may well, we should think, be used as a regular and valuable adjunct to the teaching of history in our Universities and even in public schools. A young man who has followed a Kriegspiel over the ground of some great commander's campaigns, and has heard the umpire point his commendation and criticism by reference to the actual course of events on the same ground, will have both a tighter and more intelligent grasp of the story than if he had merely read it in a book, looking now and then at a map when the text ceased to be intelligible otherwise, or perchance not even having a map to look at. But this, it may be said, requires more time than the common way of reading history. Quite so; learning anything well takes more time than learning it superficially; but the difference in result is not a mere difference of less or more; it is the difference between knowledge which may be of great price and a pretence of knowledge which must be worthless. Another consideration is perhaps not too far-fetched to bring home from the Kriegspiel table. At present we are at the height of a reaction against "drum and trumpet history," as J. R. Green called it. The modern historian loves to trace the secular growth of social forces, and to allow as little as possible to individual genius, or to anything else in the nature of things and man that is outside the principal movement. Is it not possible to carry this reaction too far? Certainly there are great days in history when no valour or genius can fight against the stars in their courses. We may admit that Napoleon could not have restored a durable French empire if he had won at Waterloo. Perhaps Athens must have broken herself later on Carthage or Rome if she had not broken herself on Syracuse. But, after all, considerable issues are sometimes decided for a generation or more by fighting, and the conditions of a decisive fight may be such as to make the issue very doubtful beforehand; and then individual qualities, even far short of the superiority that exceptional genius gives, will tell in the balance. Who can say what flag would now float over Quebec if Wolfe had not devised his master-stroke as an almost desperate venture? Would the flying Mede have fled if Darius or Xerxes had commanded the services of a Hannibal? Or what would have been the terms of the Treaty of Frankfort if certain of the French leaders on the Loire in the winter of 1870 had been—we will not say abler men—but ten years younger? Or, as in our case, where would the White Rose of York have been if Warwick had been a little more active and Clarence a little less fortunate? The business of history is to generalize that which can be generalized; and if "drum and trumpet history" means the crude statement of military results without appreciation of the military reasons or conditions, the fault is common enough to deserve strict reprobation. But it is to be corrected by understanding the military side of history, not by ignoring it. History cannot be reduced to social formulas; and any historian who flatters himself that he has completely formulized his history will find out too late that it has been formulized at the cost of ceasing to live.

#### CALLED BACK.

THE great popularity of the late Mr. "Hugh Conway's" *Called Back* has never been explicable. It is by no means a well-constructed story. An author's ingenuity cannot be commended when he is only able to work out his plot by investing his characters with physical or mental disqualifications as is done in the case of Gilbert Vaughan, whose eyesight is destroyed and restored to suit the novelist's convenience, and the sanity of Pauline March is similarly treated. One of these phenomena might have been accepted, but the occurrence of both gives an air of artificiality to the fable which Mr. "Hugh Conway" had not the skill to disguise. An extraordinary taste for what are now known as "shilling shockers" must have been developing just at the time when *Called Back* was published, and no doubt more by accident than design Mr. "Conway" came in on the flood of the tide. He showed a certain cleverness in the introduction of his secret society; for, though its objects are not very definite, attention was being attracted to Nihilism and the frequent consequence, Siberia, at the date of the book's production, and the operations of a secret society, if described with any skill, can usually be invested with an interest for general readers. The fact is that *Called Back* contains the plot of a somewhat commonplace melodrama. Macari is a picturesque villain for stage purposes, and the Siberian scenes were fresh and, in a modest degree, even striking to spectators who had read of that distant land of slavery, about which few Englishmen have at the present day any really accurate knowledge.

That the piece should be well acted at the Haymarket Theatre is almost a matter of course, as for the most part the demand made on exponents of the various characters is comparatively simple. Perhaps the most arduous task devolves on Miss Julia Neilson, the representative of Pauline, who, after a lapse from sanity throughout nearly the whole of the play, recovers her memory at the sight of her brother's murderer, whose sudden appearance in the room of the Genevan villa reduces her to a condition of tragic terror. In this scene Miss Neilson, in technical phraseology, "lets herself go," with striking results. Her shriek of affright is daring, but quite successful; the full sense of the incident is realized, and yet we are conscious of an artistic control over her powers. In the earlier scenes of the play the actress is gentle and womanly; and if *Called Back* does nothing else, it will consolidate Miss Neilson's reputation. In spite of the picturesqueness to which we have borne testimony, Macari is little removed from the ordinary type of villain even by the art of Mr. Beerholm Tree. The suggestion of the hand of iron under the silken glove, the rapid, significant glance, which appears at times to emphasize the hypocrisy of the suave smile, are little more than the commonplaces of stage villainy. Of course all this sort of thing is particularly well done by Mr. Tree; but it is not a high development of histrionic art. He plays the character—an actor can do no more—the only question being whether the character is worthy of him. In one scene only has Macari an opportunity of reaching higher ground, and of this Mr. Tree takes full advantage. This is where he visits Vaughan in the Paris hotel; and, perceiving that it is his game to malign Pauline by the assertion that it was her lover who met his death on the night of the murder, proceeds with a plausible pretence of reluctance and hesitation to carry out the vile scheme. The Mephistophelian malice of the final interview with Pauline is as vigorous as need be. The part is plain sailing, especially for such a skilful mariner as Mr. Tree; but it struck us that he rather overdid the assumption of light-heartedness as he leaves the villa and ascends the rocky path, at an angle of which Petroff is waiting, dagger in hand, to kill him. In his search for contrast, the actor goes a little too far. We doubt whether even Macari, after the exciting events of the last few moments, would have had the self-possession to stroll away with a careless burst of "*La donna è mobile*" on his lips.

Mr. Fred Terry has inherited the gifts which are so remarkably conspicuous in his family, and must now certainly be regarded as in the first rank of *jeunes premiers*; indeed to say this is not enough, for in that scanty rank he has no superior. His method is singularly sincere and convincing. Mr. Fernandez is completely at home in such characters as that of Dr. Ceneri, and is well suited indeed, for his style adapts itself to the representation of foreign personages. The Ceneri of the book is a feeble creature, and Mr. Fernandez so depicts him here, serving thereby as a foil to the Macari. Mr. Kerr plays naturally as Arthur Kenyon, and the companion part of Mary Vaughan is very prettily filled by Miss Blanche Horlock. Mr. Webster Lawson is also to be commended for his neat little sketch of Anthony March. An impression lingers that the company might be better employed.

A new farce at Toole's Theatre, written by Mr. F. Wyatt the comedian, and called *Two Recruits*, is in every particular beneath notice.

#### EXHIBITIONS.

OF the two hundred and thirty-eight sketches and studies in black and white at Messrs. Mendoza's gallery, none are conspicuous in any marked degree for their excellence. It is a closely-packed collection of drawings in pen-and-ink, in charcoal, in oil monochrome, and in sketchy crayons. The subjects are as

varied as are the materials employed. Here are heads of melancholy damsels, both blonde and brunette, with large languishing eyes and pouting lips; here are the usual "funny" animal pieces, and the courting scenes and elopements. A great want of intelligent treatment is apparent throughout, the main idea seeming to be to make a drawing that will "do" as an illustration to something, without regard to whether the drawing be good or the illustration apt. Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Jezebel—She is a King's Daughter" (17) is more ambitious than many of the subjects here. The queen lies on the pavement, and the wild dogs cluster round her, yelping, with yellow eyes glowing out at the spectator. This is a graphic treatment of the subject. An antiquarian interest attaches to Mr. Appleton's "Cherries" (138), an excellent mezzotint version of a drawing by John Russell, R.A., now in the Louvre. Russell was a pupil of Cotes, and inherited much of the grace and charm of his master. Mr. Appleton has well interpreted the brilliant air and expressive pose of this pretty crayon.

Mr. Henry Ryland shows some fancy in his contributions, "Chloris" (79) and "The Poet's Vision" (9). Into Mr. J. Shaw Crompton's bits of Cairo draped figures are skilfully introduced, while "St. John's Hospital, Canterbury" (204), by Mr. Holland Tringham, is a delightful little study in pen-and-ink, minutely executed. A sort of illumination surrounding the "Ballade des Pendus" (12), by Mr. Alan Wright, is not wanting in grisly suggestiveness. The same artist exhibits four illustrations to a poem of Mr. Le Gallienne's "The Mummer and the Maid" (158), which are drawn with ease and skill, and have an air of accomplished work which is not frequent in the remainder of the exhibition.

A collection of views of Cornish coast scenery, by Mr. Warne-Browne, is now on view at 23 Baker Street. Mr. Warne-Browne is a conscientious worker, but he is somewhat deficient in style. He attempts what is nearly impossible in several of his paintings, in endeavouring to represent waves angrily breaking and throwing up thick foam; the foam looks almost solid, and is inclined to a soapy appearance, while the action of the waves seems to be arrested rather than fleeting. But in some effects of spray Mr. Warne-Browne is more successful. Of the paintings we are inclined to consider "Kennack Bay" (11) the best; this displays a long reach of coast-line, with a heavy blue sea breaking on it; it is subdued in tone, and is a solid piece of work. Among the water-colour drawings "Innis Head, Poltesco" (23), is bright and pretty, and is truly Devonian in colouring. "Sunset and Thaw" (7) successfully shows a luminous afterglow on the horizon, behind bare trees; but the sheep which advance along the road, owing to some want of clearness in the treatment of the snow, appear to be walled in between high white ridges, rather than to be picking their way along the watery ruts. Mr. Warne-Browne is most successful in his rendering of wet sands; to these he gives the peculiar lilac-pink colour which is their great charm. This is especially the case in "The Pride of the Morning" (9). On the whole, we should describe his work as conscientious and ambitious in choice of subjects, but in treatment rather timid and somewhat inclined to dinginess of colour. On another screen are hung a series of water-colour drawings of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by the same artist, which have been lent by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

#### FRENCH PLAYS.

"COMEDY," says Mr. George Meredith in the prelude to the *Egoist*, "is a game played to throw reflections upon social life, and it deals with human nature in the drawing-room of civilized men and women, where we have no dust of the struggling outer world to make the correctness of the representation convincing." If this definition of comedy be correct and sufficiently comprehensive, then may *L'Ami des Femmes* of M. Alexandre Dumas fils be said to breathe the very spirit of comedy. Throughout five long acts the action never flags, the dialogue is always appropriate and abounds in wit of a high order, not one of the numerous *dramatis personæ* could be spared; the characterization, which is varied and distinctive, deals with sufficiently familiar types. The piece is free from the mawkish sentiment of *La Dame aux Camélias*; it does not, like *Princesse Georges* and *Francillon*, under the shallow pretext of moralizing, deal with licentiousness in the married state; in fact, it represents the genius of M. Dumas at its very best. It was written twenty-six years ago, and, with all its merits, M. Jules Lemaitre a short time ago could chronicle its comparative failure; he calls it "that subtle, vigorous, and clever comedy which the public has not yet been quite able to accept." The tardy recognition it received in Paris will alone account for the delay in its appearance here, where it had never been played until last Monday, when M. Mayer produced it with Mlle. Stuart and M. Valbel in the principal parts of M. De Ryons and Mme. de Simerose. M. De Ryons is a sort of gentlemanly Paul Pry, a professional confidant of women in their love affairs. He studies women as another man, to use his own phrase, might study beetles or minerals. Following La Rochefoucauld's maxim, he believes it is easier to find a woman who has never had a lover than one who has only had one. He is above all things the friend of her who has had but one lover; his object is to arrest her progress on the downward path. He is neither a Lovelace nor a Don Quixote. He is, at the same time, making what he believes to be a fruitless search for a young girl who shall possess at once

kindliness, good health, chastity, and good spirits. Mme. de Simerose is a young married woman whose up-bringing has left her entirely unacquainted with the realities of life. She marries for love, but cannot bring herself to be a wife, and leaves her husband's roof under the influence of jealousy. M. De Ryons forces his friendship on her at a critical moment in her career, when she is about to form an intimacy with a man to whom she is really indifferent. Through his good offices she is reconciled to her husband.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of M. Valbel's acting, as he seems to appreciate, with a keenness of perception rare even among French actors, the fact that his part is not drawn on realistic lines. M. De Ryons is not, in his hands, a new acquaintance; but many an old acquaintance becomes in some sort a De Ryons. We believe this is the first time that M. Valbel has played before a London audience, but his reputation had preceded him from St. Petersburg, and he has justified it. Mlle. Stuart sustained her difficult part with much skill and address. M. Lenormant as De Montègre, the lover, gave his set speeches with force and some command of gesture, but his general bearing was stiff and unpleasing. The acting was throughout excellent.

#### RACING.

THE monster stakes that have been instituted in this country within the last few years have been roundly abused; but, without them, for good or for evil, we should be beaten by our own colonies. The Melbourne Cup, a handicap sweepstakes of 50*l.* each, with 10,000*l.* added, which was run for on the 4th instant, was the richest handicap that had ever been contested. The winner, the Hon. D. S. Wallace's Carbine, was carrying 10 st. 5 lbs., and he gave more than 4 st. to the third in the race. Carbine will be remembered as the winner of the Autumn Stakes in April last by "half a nose"—a distance unrecognized in England—from two horses that ran a dead heat for second place. He was then a four-year-old, but is now a five-year-old, which sounds odd to the ears of English racing men, and he is by Musket, who represented Touchstone on Melbourne blood, and was the most successful stallion ever imported into Australia, besides having been the sire of Petronel, the winner of the Two Thousand. Thirty-nine horses started, which was a larger field, we think, than any that has run in Great Britain for some years. It has, however, been exceeded on a good many occasions, and, without any great searchings of calendars, we may mention the fields of 40 in 1863, 42 both in 1870 and 1874, and 43 in 1862 for the Cambridgeshire. Another very rich stake, called the Futurity Stakes, and worth 13,500*l.*, was run for last August at Coney Island, and was won by Potomac, a colt by St. Blaise. Although the Australians are fond of winning large stakes, they are not so fond of giving large prices as the South Americans. When a horse of the Hon. J. White's fetched 4,600 guineas last April, it was said to have been the highest sum ever paid for a horse in Australia; but it was a small one in comparison with the 14,000*l.* sent from Buenos Ayres to buy Ormonde. Even in England the latter sale was considered a good one; yet this year the same price has been given for St. Gatien by the Germans.

The most remarkable thing about the racing at Liverpool was the rain, which made the Cup Day miserable, and the storm which rendered racing impossible on the day following. Lady Rosebery won the Liverpool Autumn Cup (for the second time), and her defeat of Mr. H. Milner's Shall We Remember by a neck has been valued by Mr. Ford in his list of weights for the Manchester November Handicap at 3 lbs.; he only allows Vasisias 2 lbs. more for his defeat by two lengths for second place. Vasisias, by the way, has never won a race since he was purchased for 6,000*l.*, more than a year ago, although he has run thirteen times. An Irish three-year-old, Mr. R. N. Talbot's Golden Crescent, showed good form for the Liverpool Stewards' Cup, in beating a highly respectable field in a canter by six lengths. He is a brown colt by Speculum's son, Castlereagh, and he represents Blacklock blood, with three strains of Touchstone within the fourth degree. He had won six unbroken victories in Ireland this season, and had run very well in a handicap at Manchester. On the merits of his race for the Stewards' Cup he has been put among the most heavily weighted three-year-olds for the Lancashire Handicap at Manchester. On the Saturday, at Liverpool, he ran third to Queen of the Dale for the Great Lancashire Handicap, although he was giving more than a stone to every other three-year-old in the race.

At Derby this week there was some interesting racing. The Chesterfield Nursery is a very popular race. Twenty-three horses ran for it last year, and twenty the year before. On the present occasion there were twenty-seven acceptances, and twenty-five horses went to the post. Mr. G. E. Paget's Euphony had won over the same course in September, and he was now heavily weighted. Colonel North's 2,500-guinea St. Simon of the Rock was put 15 lbs. above the bottom of the handicap, although he had never even been placed in a race. Mr. Warren de la Rue's Sweetest was penalized a pound, instead of receiving weight, for her half-length defeat for the Hopeful Stakes. To show how doctors differ in estimating the merits of two-year-olds as in other matters, we may observe that for this handicap 18 lbs. less was put between Phyllida and



Killarney than for the Knowsley Nursery at Liverpool. Mr. R. Baird's Patrician was the favourite; but the race was won by T. Cannon's Billow, a chestnut filly by Ocean Wave, who was receiving 17 lbs. from Conacher, whom she beat by three-quarters of a length, and 24 lbs. from Euphony, who finished within a head of Conacher. The honours of the race, of course, were gained by Euphony, who is a brown colt with plenty of size and good limbs, and his form indirectly glorified Flodden Field and Haute Saône, to whom he ran third at Goodwood. Ben Hur, a chestnut colt by Bend Or, that had cost 2,050 guineas as a yearling, ran for and won his first race in the All-Aged Plate of 1861. Good Lad, the winner of the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, won the Markeaton Welter Stakes, in a field of seventeen. In the matter of large fields, the Derby November Meeting can compete with any in the kingdom. The Friary Nursery, which was run on Wednesday, had seventy-six two-year-olds handicapped, with 3 st. 2 lbs. between the top and the bottom of the list. The race was won by the impudently named Verbosity, a bay colt by Gladstone. The unusually wide margin of 4 st. 5 lbs. was made use of for the Allestree Welter Handicap, and there was 13 lbs. between Yard Arm and Freemason, the first and the second in the list. In the heavy ground, Warlab's power was of great use to him, and he won, under the heaviest weight carried by any horse in a field of twenty. Nevertheless it was nearly 2 st. below the top of the original handicap. The Chatsworth Stakes brought out a field of twenty-five, and was won by Mr. A. E. Barclay's two-year-old, Elgiva, who started at 20 to 1. Old Juggler ran very well in this race, as he gave the winner nearly two stone more than weight for age and ran within a length of her. There was a reversal of public form for the Dovedale Stakes, as Breach beat Chesterfield by more than half a dozen lengths, although at Doncaster, with almost the same difference in their weights, Chesterfield had beaten Breach by a length and a half in their places for the Tattersall Sale Stakes. Breach is a big bay filly by Hagioscope, and some critics think her rather loosely put together. Ninety-five horses ran during the day.

The new steeplechase course at Lingfield, which is within about an hour's journey from London, will be opened to-day. As there are some good horses entered, the meeting ought to be a success, and we hear that the course and the arrangements are very satisfactory. It may appear churlish to grudge a welcome to a fresh undertaking for the production of sport; but we confess to thinking that there were already quite enough race and steeplechase meetings.

#### THE OPERA.

TO any one who has watched the course of musical opinion in England during the last few years, the possibility of a successful revival of an opera of Gluck's, however much it might be desired, would have seemed one of the most improbable contingencies. For thirty years—with the single exception of the amateur performance at Cambridge last spring—no opera from the pen of the great Viennese composer has been seen in this country. For several seasons a revival of *Iphigenia in Aulis* was promised, with Mme. Nilsson in the chief part; but the fulfilment of the promise never took place, and as far as England is concerned, Gluck has been entirely forgotten and neglected. In Germany the two *Iphigenias* keep the stage, and in Italy a remarkable revival of interest in the works of the founder of modern opera has recently taken place. To an Italian manager, and to Italian artists, London is indebted for the opportunity of once more hearing a performance of the earliest work by which Gluck not only made so great a mark upon the opera of his own day, but also influenced so largely the development of the musical drama. The history of the various versions of *Orfeo* remains to be written. It can never sufficiently be regretted that Mlle. Pelletan, who devoted her life and fortune to publishing a final edition of Gluck's works, died before *Orfeo* was included in the magnificent series issued by her disinterested munificence. Originally brought out in Vienna in 1764, ten years later the work was remodelled and partly rewritten for the French opera, for which Gluck wrote most of the great works upon which his fame rests. In a sense, it may be said to date from his earlier manner; but it was in *Orfeo* that he first struck the vein of dramatic truth which was afterwards developed so nobly in the two *Iphigenias*, *Alceste*, and *Armide*. In *Orfeo* Gluck first revealed himself as a master of pathos who has never since been surpassed. His orchestration and form may seem now antiquated; but the performance last Thursday week at Covent Garden showed that his power of rousing the feelings of an audience is imperishable. Probably never within the memory of the present generation of opera-goers has so signal a success been witnessed. The outbursts of applause which greeted the end of each act were genuine expressions of the delight of an audience which comprised most of the musical intelligence of London. The triumph—for such it was—of Gluck's long-neglected work is entirely due to Mlle. Giulia Ravogli, who enacted the hero. Her previous performances this season, remarkable as they have been, had not prepared the most sanguine of her admirers for the excellence of her *Orfeo*. Vocally and dramatically it was a masterly performance. Her voice, though hardly low enough for portions of the music, and somewhat unequal in quality, has

been trained in an excellent school. It possesses the merit of being singularly sympathetic, and of having the invaluable power of conveying the dramatic intention of the singer in an unmistakable manner, without any use of tricks or mere *ad captandum* devices. As a piece of pure vocalization the delivery of the *bravura* air which ends the first act—an air which, though printed in the full score published during the composer's lifetime, is now variously attributed to Bertoni's *Orfeo* or *Tancredi*—was a marvellous display of brilliant vocalization; the elaborate *cadenza* introduced at its close, and going up to C in *alt*, being delivered with absolute precision and accuracy. The burden of the whole opera rests so much upon the representative of the part of the hero that to analyse the performance, scene by scene, grateful as the task would be, would amount to but little more than a eulogy of Mlle. Ravogli's admirable impersonation. Where all was so good, it is difficult to single out special features for praise; but mention must be made of the scene in Act ii., where the Furies are gradually calmed by the singing of Orpheus. In this the picturesque figure of the artist as she faced the angry crowd, and, holding her lyre high before her, passed through the entrance of Hades, is one which impresses itself upon the memory. But perhaps the greatest success she won was in the third act, in which the exquisite tenderness of her acting and singing in the scene where Orpheus finds Eurydice in the Elysian Fields, touched a deeper and more pathetic note than anything else in the opera. Coming after so much that was fine, the rendering of the familiar "Che farò senza Euridice," in the third act, might at first sight seem somewhat colourless; but Mlle. Ravogli was evidently well advised in her interpretation of the air, the opening part of which she delivered seated by the side of the dead Eurydice; for its length is such that, if it had been sung from the beginning in a more impassioned manner, it would have been impossible to have sustained the interest at the same pitch until the end. In this, as throughout the whole work, she showed how careful and conscientious a study she had made of the composer's intention. The temptation to linger on Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's performance is the greater because with it all commendation of the revival ceases. She received, indeed, adequate support from her sister as Eurydice, and from Mlle. Otta Brony, a new light soprano, as Love, though the latter was dressed in a ridiculous costume more suggestive of a cheap valentine than the Greek Eros; but the chorus was occasionally painfully out of tune, and failed generally to do justice to Gluck's lovely music, and the orchestra was uneven and wanting in finish. Allowances must of course be made for these shortcomings, considering the number of works which Signor Lago is bringing forward, but more serious than these were the defects in the general mounting. An Italian opera chorus is never remarkable for grace of deportment or appropriateness of gesture; but it might surely have been possible to dress the inhabitants of Elysium a little more suitably than in conventional ballet-costumes, and the rigidity of the *figurantes* in the touching scene where Orpheus, with extended hands and averted face, seeks amongst them for Eurydice, narrowly imperilled a very fine situation. The remembrance of the beautiful manner in which the work was mounted at Cambridge last spring made the contrast all the more painful. Similarly it would have cost very little trouble to have prepared a suitable scene for the reunion of Orpheus and Eurydice at the end of the opera, instead of (apparently) conveying them back to Elysium, in defiance of stage direction and libretto. These may seem small defects, but they seriously interfered with a singularly interesting performance. In spite of them, the revival is one for which every musician will be thankful to Signor Lago, the manager, and Signor Bevigiani, the conductor, and it cannot too frequently be repeated that Mlle. Giulia Ravogli's *Orfeo* is a performance to be seen again and again with delight.

Of the other works given recently at the Italian Opera there is not much to be said. On the 5th inst. Bellini's *Norma* was revived with Mlle. Peri as the heroine, Mlle. Costanzi as the Adalgisa, Signor Merolles as Oroveso, and Signor Giannini as Pollio, of whom only the last named was at all equal to his part. Bellini's tuneful but undramatic opera may have been tolerable when a great artist like Grisi sang in it; but it will not pass muster nowadays with a *Norma* who is anything but first rate and an Adalgisa who is entirely incompetent. The general inadequacy of the performance extended to the chorus and orchestra, and anything more horribly cacophonous than the sounds emitted by the brass band on the stage has not been heard for a long time. On Monday last Verdi's *Rigoletto* was given for the *réentrée* of M. Maurel. Unfortunately the great French baritone was unable to appear, and his place was taken by Signor Galassi, a competent artist, but hardly suited to the part of the Jester. Mlle. Stromfeld was the Gilda, and M. Dimitresco, a new Roumanian tenor, appeared as the Duke. He is likely to prove a useful artist; for his voice is of good quality, he sings with taste, and he has a good stage presence. Mlle. Louise Lablache gave an excellent performance of the small but important part of Maddalena. Of Mme. Albani's performances in *La Traviata* on the 30th ult., *Lohengrin* on the 3rd inst., and *Les Huguenots* last Wednesday, we are unable to speak.

## THE BRAVEST—BY LONG CHALKS.

OCH! Tim, did ye hear of the fun at Falcarragh?  
Grand doin's, bedad! as I iver did see.  
What wid ladies and mimbors of Parlymint—arrah!  
A great day intoirely for Oireland and me!

There was D-lt-n, M-c-rtn-y, and P-ddy O'Br-n,  
And Sw-nb-rne (Sir John, not the morderin' pote),  
And Father McF-dd-n as bould as a lion—  
Sure *he* is the darlint for trailin' the coat.

There were two Misses G-nne  
Who had come, and stayed on,  
And were blazin', God bless 'em, with Gladstonite zeal;  
There were faymales galore,  
But I mintion no more,  
For the crame of the party was Sw-ft M-cn-ll.

Here's health and long life to ye, Sw-ft M-cn-ll,  
Me frolicking, rollicking Sw-ft M-cn-ll;  
There is no one at all  
Throughout ould Donegal  
Who is fit to compare wid ye, Sw-ft M-cn-ll.

Ye know, Tim, me boy, the spalpeens of the Castle,  
What thricks they can play for consaling their guilt,  
Not to let a poor bhoy, mordered dead in a wrastle,  
Identify anny one after he's kilt.

But Sw-ft has defated their brutal intintion,  
For divil a number could mark them more plain  
Than Mr. M-cn-ll's newest patent invintion  
For brandin' the blaggards to know them again.

Had ye seen 'um that day  
Dashin' into the fray,  
As fareless as Hector of bâton and steel,  
And chalk-markin' the backs  
Of the Bloody One's hacks,  
Ye'd have shouted "More power to ye, Sw-ft M-cn-ll!"

Och! how did ye think of ut, Sw-ft M-cn-ll?  
Me injinious janius Sw-ft M-cn-ll;  
Who gave you the wit  
To be first for to hit  
Upon chalkin' the constable, Sw-ft M-cn-ll?

But, begorra! I wish ye had seen that ould divil,  
The Disthricht Inspector, me boy, call a halt;  
Wid a warnin' to Mither M-cn-ll to be civil,  
Since chalkin' the pollis amounts to assault.

He'd have tuk off the constables' coats and have brushed 'em,  
Foremost of us all, but, bedad! 'twas too late;  
For Pat and his nate little camery rushed 'em,  
And, chalkmark an' all, they were fixed on the plate.

Yes, Paddy O'Br-n  
Was kapin' his eye on  
Thim marked men, and followin' close at their heel;  
And whereever they walk  
They'll be known by the chalk  
As the blaggards who pushed agin Sw-ft M-cn-ll.

As the bastes who laid hands upon Sw-ft M-cn-ll,  
The inviolable carkiss of Sw-ft M-cn-ll.  
Sure Erin's own hand  
Will eternally brand  
Every villin who bumped agin Sw-ft M-cn-ll.

## REVIEWS.

## MASSON'S MILTON.\*

THIS is not a mere re-issue of the standard edition of Milton's poems first published under Mr. Masson's care in 1874. Additions have been made to the introductory matter, and a new arrangement of the volumes has been adopted. The first volume contains a biographical memoir and the minor poems, prefaced by general and special introductions. In the second we have *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, also with special introductions; and in the third the "General Essay on Milton's English and Versification," which is the most distinctive feature of this edition, and the detailed notes on the whole of the poems. It must at once be allowed that Mr. Masson is not a concise editor. But his elaborateness, even if now and then it runs into superfluity, may be deemed refreshing by contrast in the present rage for small books; and no poet deserves or bears elaborate treatment better than Milton. We must not be understood, by the way, to imply any depreciation of the latest small book on Milton, Mr. R. Garnett's, which is a very good book

\* *The Poetical Works of John Milton*. Edited, with Memoir, &c., by David Masson. 3 vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

indeed. As regards new matter, Mr. Masson's chief care has been to examine the claims lately put forward on Vondel's behalf to a considerable share in the ideas and even the diction of *Paradise Lost*. He has, perhaps, given them a more serious examination than they deserved; but he has disposed of them, in our judgment, once for all. The great majority of the parallel passages are sufficiently accounted for by the common use of traditional matter, and to a certain extent of traditional methods.

One really striking coincidence remains. As Milton's Satan says,

in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven—

so Vondel's Lucifer says (as the Dutch Alexandrine couplet is accurately translated by Mr. G. Edmundson, Vondel's advocate),

Rather would I be  
The first prince in some lower court than in  
The Blessed Light the second, or e'en less.

But Mr. Masson points out that in an English book published many years earlier Satan, in the course of a speech otherwise clumsy enough, is made to say: "Now, forasmuch as I was once an Angel of Light, it was the will of Wisdom to confine me to darkness and to create me Prince thereof; so that I who could not obey in Heaven, might command in Hell. And, believe me, Sir, I had rather controule within my dark diocese than to inhabit *coelum empyreum*, and there live in subjection, under check." It is quite needless to suppose that either Vondel or Milton knew Stafford's *Niobe*, where this passage occurs (we are free to confess that we never heard of the book or the author till now); but it shows, as Mr. Masson rightly infers, that the idea "was already in the air and waiting for them." Further, one might suggest another way of obtaining it which, for Milton at any rate, was by no means remote. The ghost of Achilles in the *Odyssey* declares that he would rather be servant to a poor master on earth than be lord over all the dead men; in other words, it were better to serve on earth than reign in Hades. Milton must have known the passage quite well, and he had only to convert the human regret of the Homeric warrior into the demonic pride of the fallen angel. The form is Milton's own in any case, and it is by his form that the idea lives. Apart from all this, we have to be satisfied that Milton did or could read Vondel's *Lucifer*. Now that work first appeared in 1654. Milton had then been blind for two years. If, then, he came to know Vondel, he must have got some one to read or translate it aloud to him. The only direct evidence as to Milton's knowledge of Dutch is a statement of Roger Williams, applying to a time about 1652, and not later than March 1654, when Williams left England. "The Secretary of the Council, Mr. Milton, for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages." We may, perhaps, assume that this "Dutch" was Low Dutch and not High Dutch; the language of the Netherlands was then more important to Englishmen than that of Germany. And the "readings" may, as likely as not, have included mutual instruction in languages, and not have been confined to the translation of particular books or documents of which Milton or Williams desired to possess the matter. But all this leaves it merely possible that Milton would have understood Vondel's text if he had a secretary or friend who could read it to him; so that he might conceivably have mastered the substance of Vondel's *Lucifer* to one degree more of certainty and less of trouble than if he had depended on a translator. Still, it does not seem probable that he would go to the trouble, whether it were less or more. If we are to indulge in guesswork, it would be more plausible, on the whole, to suppose that visitors from the Netherlands had spoken to Milton of Vondel's work, possibly brought it with them, and quoted or translated choice specimens of it. However, Mr. Edmundson is more Dutch than the Hollanders, for the latest editor of Vondel did not "regard it as proved that Milton was acquainted with Vondel or his tragedy." But this kind of speculation, if not strictly kept within bounds, is worse than idle; it is a literary nuisance. No number of coincidences would make Vondel Milton, or Milton less himself. No man of sense has ever thought or will ever think the less of Shakespeare's *Antony* and *Cleopatra* because some of the finest touches in it are straight out of Plutarch; or, for that matter, of *Paradise Lost* itself because much of it is straight out of the Bible.

We have hinted that Mr. Masson's essay on Milton's language and verse ought to hold the chief place among his contributions to the subject. It is an indispensable storehouse of knowledge and criticism for students of English. Every Miltonic usage (and Milton's peculiar usages are not a few) is carefully exhibited and analysed. Minute differences of opinion will, of course, always remain possible. One or two examples of what Mr. Masson, after Mr. Abbott, calls "construction changed by change of thought," appears to us to be more readily accounted for as conscious or unconscious imitations of the Latin historical present; and the rather violent construction in the "Ode on the Nativity"—

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies—

may even be a reminiscence of the Latin idiom which requires *dum*, in its primary sense of "while," to be followed by the present indicative, whatever the tense of the principal clause may be. This idiom was commonly neglected in the Latin composi-



tion of Milton's own time, and has been violated much later even in our seats of learning. It would be pleasing to think that Milton knew better. It may be mentioned, as a specimen of Mr. Masson's editorial care, that he has not been content with the censures of former editors on Milton's few performances in Greek verse, but has consulted Mr. S. H. Butcher. The answer, as might be expected, did not mitigate those former censures. It was hardly possible for even a good scholar to write correct Greek verse in the days before Porson.

Not less exhaustive is the analysis of Milton's blank verse. Nor is it less useful because qualified by the sensible warning that in English verse, not being bound by the strict quantitative rules of Greek and Latin, "all depends on the reading; and the reading depends on the taste and habits of the reader." There is no doubt, however, that Milton purposely tried many experiments in giving variety to his numbers. Few of them have been imitated with any success; in some of them none but Milton could hope to succeed. One or two can scarcely be accepted even at Milton's hands. Lander considered them attempts to import Italian licences. A type noted by Mr. Masson as "very abnormal" is that of *P. L.* vi. 866:—

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

If this line stood alone we might think it was designed for an exceptional effect, so that the sudden weakening at the end should suggest a precipitous fall through the void. And it is hard not to believe that such was Milton's intention. The specimen, however, is not unique. Not only are the identical words repeated in another place with only the variation of "deep" for "pit," *P. R.* i. 361, but a precisely similar rhythm occurs in *P. R.* ii. 171; in both places it is without any apparent poetical reason:—

Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
And made him bow, to the gods of his wives.

Here the pause required in the middle of the line by the construction being carried on from "build" in v. 170 may serve to reinforce the metre. But yet another example is found within ten lines:—

Before the Flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titl'd sons of God, roaming the Earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men—

and here there is no help of pause or sense. This is to our ear among the least commendable of Milton's lines; and we are almost driven, notwithstanding Mr. Masson's reasons to the contrary, to suppose that there must have been something in the manner of reading verse in Milton's time which, if we could recover it, would, at any rate, lessen the anomaly.

Mr. Masson's commentary on the poems at large contains everything that even a critical reader can want to know, and we should say, at least as much as is known. In some places Mr. Masson may be chargeable with excess of zeal, as where he scolds Warton for saying that Milton fails "when he affects to be arch either in prose or verse." But, with Mr. Masson's leave, joking was the one thing Milton did signally fail in as an artist. His jokes are bad jokes, and there is an end of it. As for the rest of Warton's criticism, doubtless he under-rated Milton's prose. But, doubtless, also, it is a tenable opinion that Milton's style in prose is not to be compared, on the whole, to Milton's style in poetry. It has, at its best, many of the same qualities as the poetry; but only an enthusiast can deny that it has blemishes of taste and manner (save when it is at its very best) which the poetry has not. Excess of knowledge is also to be found sometimes in Mr. Masson's notes—if there can be such a thing. Thus Milton's exactness in military terms is quite rightly noted; Mr. Masson, however, goes so far as to suggest that in *P. L.* i. 618 "attention held them mute" implies a military allusion. But was "attention" a recognized word of command in Milton's time? In a drill-book as late as 1690, "The Perfection of Military Discipline after the Newest Method as Practised in England and Ireland, &c.," no such word occurs. We find only such phrases as, "Have a care to form the Battalion," "Have a care of the Exercise," "Pikemen take heed." It may be left for the consideration of the Adjutant-General whether "Take—heed!" were not at least as audible, euphonious, and practical as the modern "Shon!" There is likewise a minute inaccuracy in the note on *P. L.* iv. 977-980, where

the angelic squadron bright  
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
With ported spears.

Mr. Masson corrects the earlier annotators who, from pure ignorance, confounded the *port* with the *charge* (even Mr. Browne, usually careful and correct, goes wrong here); but he identifies the *port* of the pike with that of the modern musket or rifle "manual"; whereas the right hand grasped the butt of the pike, and the points were dressed not to the left, but to the left front, as may be seen in De Gheyn's plates earlier than Milton, and read, though not so clearly, in the later drill-book cited above. But why should one pick such minute, nay microscopic, holes? Truly, for no purpose save to show the judicious reader that a fairly careful examination of Mr. Masson's notes has not disclosed any larger ones. In other words, Mr. Masson's commentary is in everything of real moment as accurate as it is full; and we congratulate him on having deserved right well of English letters.

## NOVELS.\*

IF Miss Broughton had given her novel of *Alas!* an alternative title, that title would certainly have been *Phaw!* For, after her hero has sighed through three volumes over "the pity of it," he ends, like a wise man, by reflecting, "but after all, who cares?" The relief that comes to him in the very last pages, on hearing the heroine's confession (which the reader feared was going to be denied him altogether), proceeded not only from the fact that Elizabeth had been, as people say, "rash, imprudent if you will, but not guilty," but also from his having made up his mind magnanimously to ignore the consequences of her indiscretion, and to offer her his hand. The person in question, Mr. Jim Burgoyne, is almost as hardly dealt with by his creator as Elizabeth Le Marchant is by circumstances and her friends, for he appears from beginning to end under two highly unpleasant aspects. First, he is the unwilling and irritable *fiancé* of a woman about whom he has ceased to care two straws; and then he is the unreasonable and jealous lover of a woman devoted to somebody else. He is what is generally recognized and expressed by fair acquaintances as "dependable," and his other charms and good qualities have to be taken on trust. Yet he is distinctly a man, and not a shadow; and as such Miss Broughton has achieved a success in his portrait. The opening scene is one which many of us have witnessed in our time, when entertainment is provided for hard-worked women of the lower classes by people with more good nature than judgment in the matter of seasons and "half hours with the best authors." The audience is always anxious to show its appreciation of the efforts made, and is not often more discriminating than its entertainers. Hence it came to pass that poor Jim Burgoyne, forced unwillingly into the breach of "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings," is greeted with shouts of misplaced laughter as he reads the rescue of the girl in the act of committing suicide. In exactly the same manner a crowd of villagers once chose to think "The Bridge of Sighs" recited on a similar occasion a huge joke, and gave way to mirth accordingly. With the exception of one or two brief episodes, most of the story takes place in Florence, a city plainly dear to Miss Broughton, who is in consequence a little more lavish in her descriptions of places and things than is necessary to her novel. But her happiest touches are in the relation of Jim's struggles to satisfy an all-too-easily satisfied *fiancée*, and in his sinkings of heart when the excellent Amelia Wilson makes vast and conscious efforts to say what will please Jim about the pictures they visit, efforts which only lay bare the nakedness of the land. Besides Amelia, who is drawn truly and even tenderly, but who would have made a maddeningly submissive wife, there are her two sisters—one is the self-absorbed hypochondriac Sybilla; and the other the shallow, vulgar, but good-hearted, Cecilia, who goes through Florence seeking to find resemblances to the persons who compose her small world at home. Miss Broughton excels in these minor characters; they are vivid without exaggeration, and, like Cecilia, we recognize their likenesses, or rather their types, when we meet them in our lives. Elizabeth Le Marchant, the luckless little heroine, is an attractive young creature, in spite of her blighted existence of twenty-seven years. She has a pretty face (to which the adjective "small" is applied with irritating frequency), and a mercurial nature, with its compensating capacity of getting amusement out of her fellow-creatures; and if her passion for young Byng is rather inexplicable, that is no more than can be said of half the marriages that are made every day. Byng himself, when he falls in love with Elizabeth, is tiresome and overdone. His acquaintance with the poets is perfectly limitless, and is only to be matched by his amazing capacity for producing the appropriate quotation, especially from *King John*, at the proper instant. His tears, which flow with as much promptitude as Sophy Streatfield's, are even more wearisome than his rhapsodies; surely no young man was ever so unmanly. But his final interview with Elizabeth, in which he has to make her understand that after her confession (of course misunderstood by him) his old feelings have been extinguished, is very cleverly described. If Byng is not a probable character, his mother is delightful—one of those warm-hearted, prejudiced women, always warring against themselves, who are the salt of the earth. As for the *dénouement*, Miss Broughton has skilfully left it in doubt whether the fact of once more having a place in the world and escaping the love changed to hate of her father is enough to induce Elizabeth to accept Jim; whether the last interview with Byng had been the death-struggle of her own constancy as well as his, or whether she prefers the ills she knows, and refuses Burgoyne, we are not told. But how, supposing they did marry, they contrived to make both ends meet on Jim's 800*l.* a-year, which had been considered too poor a pittance for the house-keeping virtues of Amelia, is a matter for reflection. The book

\* *Alas!* By Rhoda Broughton. 3 vols. London: Bentley. 1890.

*A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.* By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1890.

*Brave Heart and True.* By Florence Marryat. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

*Miss Blake of Monkshalton.* By Isabella O. Ford. London: John Murray. 1890.

*Mademoiselle.* By F. M. Peard. London: Smith & Innes. 1890.

*Ardis Clacerden.* By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

*Lady Maude's Mania.* By G. Manville Fenn. London: Warne & Co. 1890.

is full of attraction and free from many of the defects which have sometimes marred the author's former works, and if her style of writing is not all that could be desired, well, it is an old friend, whose faults are condoned for the sake of the undeniable virtues that accompany it.

Mr. Crawford has contrived to throw over his touching little story of *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* an impalpable air of a midsummer night's dream, which adds considerably to its charm. The theme is new, or, at any rate, little worn, and the setting is less hackneyed than most. The figures are distinct and of absolutely different metal; but they are all real and true and vigorous. The one weak point in the book is the regularly recurring belief of the most diligent of the cigarette-makers, Count Skariatine by name, that some time on Wednesday his friends will arrive from Russia, and will triumphantly re-instate him in his title and property. The delusion always begins on Tuesday and lasts till after midnight on Wednesday; but all the rest of the week he awakes from his dream and submits patiently to his lot. Of course the whole interest of the book lies in the question of the Count's sanity. Is he really the aristocrat of Wednesday, or the nobody of the other six days? In spite of the ending and of Mr. Crawford we incline to the latter supposition. If he really was Count Skariatine, why should not his attitude of expectation have been a permanent one, and why at any time should one special day for its recurrence have been fixed upon? No reason is given. On the other hand, once granted the delusion of his noble birth, his grand manners, his patient concealment of poverty, and his lordly disregard of money when he had it, would have all followed as a matter of course, and the weekly day of waiting, with its pathetic preparations for the great event, would have been none the less touching. The faithful Cossack whom fate had transplanted from the Don to the Iser, the incorrigible but good-natured Dumnoff, and the plain but refined and devoted Vjera are true pictures of types that are to be found every day in Russia. In this book, as his former ones, Mr. Crawford has broken new ground. He never repeats himself or his subjects; he is never prolix, he is always careful. Would that other novelists would go and do likewise.

*Brave Heart and True* is not a pleasant book. In the first place Miss Marryat is perpetually dragging in her antagonism to the Church and its ministers, and she never loses an opportunity of casting a stone at them. Doubtless there may exist somewhere evil-tongued hypocritical women like Mrs. Crosbie, the Vicar's wife, who commit in secret the deadly sins they condemn most loudly in public, but they are certainly few and far between, and are better passed by in silence. Instead of this, though the story is but very slightly concerned with the Crosbie family, we have the Vicar first establishing a confessional in the village Church, and suffering himself to be cajoled into betraying to his wife the confession of one of his parishioners; we have the lady perpetually indulging in heavy conjugal endearments in order to attain her ends, and we have a midnight interview between her and the curate, in which little is left to the imagination. The "*Brave Heart*" referred to in the title is the village doctor, one Lewis Vangel, who, having been for some years wildly in love with the daughter of a rich man in the neighbourhood, marries her, and continues to adore her, though he (being her medical attendant) has discovered that she has been betrayed by her cousin under promise of marriage. When she finally confesses the fact to him after he has nursed her through a severe illness, his rapture at her honesty knows no bounds. This young lady is intended to be very innocent and attractive, and altogether the victim of circumstances; but eighteen is rather old for a girl to be always telling a man only ten years her senior how anxious she is for his company at a picnic, and how good she thinks him, and finally "putting her hand through his arm" for a stroll in the wood. If she behaved in this manner to her cousin, the catastrophe is hardly to be wondered at. The book is dull as well as offensive.

The name of Miss Ford is, we think, new to fiction; but she has produced a very clever and careful piece of work in *Miss Blake of Monkshalton*. There may not be anything dramatic in the history of a girl warped and checked in every direction by the well-meant tyranny of an aunt whose character had formerly undergone the same process at the hands of her father; but it will interest a good many people, some of whom may have suffered in a similar way. Friction of character is far more deadly in its results than friction of circumstances. It was the strong will of Miss Blake perpetually rubbing against her sister's feeble one that made that sister, Miss Emma, the poor frightened thing she ultimately became, and caused her, by a curious contradiction, to irritate Miss Blake by her helpless submission. Miss Ford did well to keep Miss Blake relentless to the end in her dealings with her niece Anne. Such people are a law unto themselves. They make a religion of keeping their word, though the whole world should suffer from it, and they practically do more mischief than really bad people. Miss Ford takes pains and writes good English, and we hope some day to see her make a mark in literature.

*Mademoiselle* is an interesting and well-written little tale of the adventures of a young girl who leaves her market-gardening home in the North of France to join her married sister in Paris during the siege. The author manages, without harrowing the reader's feelings unduly, to give an adequate sketch of some of the horrors of that dreadful time, when the "foes without" rapidly gave place to much worse foes within. English girls and boys of this generation have little idea of what their neighbours

suffered for so many long cold weeks twenty years ago, and *Mademoiselle* has done them the good service of helping them to realize the most impressive piece of history since the battle of Waterloo.

It must be confessed that writers of fiction are often badly used; if they always choose the same sort of subjects, the public cry out that they are weary of the old thing and would like a variety. If they try to be many-sided, the same public is the first to deride the conceit and folly of a man who thinks he can do everything. Perhaps Mr. Stockton has been goaded by criticisms of the former kind to forsake the flowery paths of the lady and the tiger, the transferred ghost, and the vagaries of Pomona, so dear to all our hearts, and give his attention to the construction of a serious novel. It is doubtful whether the most ardent partisanship could call *Ardis Claverden* a success. It is lacking in point, in concentration, in incisiveness, in power of portraying character—in almost every quality, in fact, that goes to make up a "good story." Hares are perpetually being started that run no whither, and, as Mr. Stockton has no very definite conception of some of his personages, it is quite clear that his audience cannot understand them either. There is much rushing up and down the lines from Atlanta to New York, there are endless descriptions of women's dresses and men's suits, there is an attempt at murder in a stalactite cave, and a danger of hanging for horse-stealing incurred by the hero; but the murder has no adequate motive, and the imputation of horse-stealing is without sufficient foundation. The best bit in the book is the all-conquering heroine's ride on her lover's stolen horse, pursued by the man who had stolen him. That is vigorous and to the point, but the rest of the book is unreal and tiresome. We get tired of the heroine's endless lovers—American stories would be so much more diverting if the young ladies would be content with fewer scalps—and their eternal clothes. The book is full of strange expressions, too, that would have made the passengers of the *Mayflower* stare could they have heard them; "feel badly," "felt like it," and similar phrases, which grate on the ear perpetually. The English names, too, are remarkably badly invented. Why is it that Americans, our own kith and kin, should find it as difficult to label their English people with probable appellations, as any Frenchman who authoritatively undertakes to describe English life. "Prouter," "Crippledean," and "Skitt," for instance, sound more like titles invented by Dickens than names one is accustomed to see on visiting cards. To conclude, we should like politely to inquire if there is not a certain want of courtesy shown by American ladies to the gentlemen of their own land in their eager desire to find husbands for the flower of their female sex in the old country. Miss Claverden's aunt only expresses the general and hardly disguised sentiment when she says (p. 386), "What she must do is to go with me to Europe. There are personages of high degree who come over here, but the better ones remain at home."

We have frequently praised Mr. Manville Fenn's boys' books as being inspiring, and they are very much better than his last tale, *Lady Maude's Mania*. The ignorance he exhibits about the things and people he writes about is quite astonishing, and only to be equalled by the taste of the descriptions. He has an Earl who is always filling his pockets with tongues, veal cutlets, and puddings, because his wife declines to let him eat what he wants at meals. This Earl is fitly paired off with his wife, who schemes to make what Mr. Manville Fenn thinks a "brilliant match for her beautiful daughter," in the shape of an old Resident at some native Indian Court. Allusions are always being made to this lady's set of "hundred-guinea teeth," and we are not even spared the details of how they were kept in order by her young niece. Then there are depicted a French hairdresser who soliloquizes in broken English, a Viscount who describes his sister to her own father as "a true lady," and a despairing lover who obtains interviews with the "true lady" by posing as the hairdresser's assistant. Above and beyond all, we have an immense deal of servants' gossip; but Mr. Fenn is as ignorant of the ways of domestics as of those of their mistresses. He positively makes all the servants dine in the servants' hall together. Will not the outraged shades of butlers, housekeepers, ladies'-maids, and upper servants in general rise up and take vengeance on Mr. Fenn for this imputation on their manners and customs? But when "high life above stairs" is so unlike the real thing, "high life below stairs" cannot expect to fare much better.

#### RULERS OF INDIA.\*

IT is, we suppose, too late in the day to inquire whether it is the business of a University Press to publish little popular books which are neither directly suited for the purposes of education nor fitted to take their place as permanent acquisitions to literature. "Series" pay; and the delegates of the Clarendon Press may look back on a very creditable past of the publishing of books which could not have paid. And they certainly might have fixed on many worse subjects than the Rulers of India. We have previously noticed some of the set, and we now notice two, on very interesting subjects, together.

A certain license of conjugation is required before the verb "to

\* *Rulers of India—Duplex*. By Colonel G. B. Malleson. *Worms Hastings*. By Captain L. J. Trotter. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1890.



rule India" can be applied to Dupleix; though with abundant allowance of ifs he might, indeed, have the benefit of it. If he had been as stout to carry out as he was able to plan; if there had been no Clive and no Lawrence; if Englishmen had been Frenchmen and Frenchmen Englishmen; if France had not been, as she always has been, whatever name her Government has borne, governed by selfish intrigue; if, in short, things had been wholly different, Dupleix might have been a ruler of India. As it was, he had his day of power among nabobs (whom we must, it seems, call nuwabs now) and of influence even at Delhi. He undoubtedly was the first, aided by some excellent commanders, to put in practice the theory that one trained Occidental is worth a dozen trained Orientals and any number of Orientals that have not been trained. He was abominably ill-treated by his own countrymen—a distinction of which French colonial governors have, alas! not the monopoly—and he is a particularly captivating spectacle to those minds which can bring themselves to narrow down the might-have-been to a special moment, and believe that a more or less single and simple "if" might have, as they like to say, "changed the face of the world." Colonel Malleon is notoriously of these. It was, if we remember rightly, his undoubted faith that, if somebody had said "wheel to the right" instead of "wheel to the left" at Leipsic, Napoleon would have been master of the world; it is, as we see here, his belief that on a particular day of a particular July "the supremacy in Southern India might have been decided" by some similar manoeuvre. Those who take a less narrow view of history, who are fatalists to the extent of believing that personal ability can at best direct or delay but can never frustrate, the large results of national character and historical circumstance, will hardly be with him. Still Dupleix is worth all the writing that may be spent on him. There have been good books recently devoted to him in France; but Colonel Malleon, strong in his previous inquiries, thinks it sufficient to refer to these as "many modern works." The writing is a little slipshod here and there; but the facts are very fairly presented, and the attitude towards Dupleix himself is quite what it should be from a member of the nation which conquered Dupleix, which obliterated Dupleix and all his works from the face of the earth, and which has allowed the basis of his towering but shortlived fame to remain in the possession of his countrymen, more as a piece of ironic and half-contemptuous generosity than for any other reason. There is probably no other nation in the world which, with the opportunities of taking Pondicherry which we have had, with Pondicherry actually in its hands so often as it has been in ours, would have let it go back to France. As there are not excessively numerous opportunities for boasting ourselves on the "haute courage" of Britons in these days, let us at least plume ourselves on this, and thank Colonel Malleon (who does not, we think, notice this side of the matter) for telling the incurious Briton something about it.

Captain Trotter's book raises a very nice and curious question of literary morality or etiquette. Its preface runs as follows:—

During the present year three folio volumes of Letters, Despatches, and other State Papers preserved in the Foreign Department of the Government of India (1772-1885) have been printed by authority, under the careful editing of Mr. George W. Forrest. The period covers the entire rule of Warren Hastings. The present volume endeavours to exhibit for the first time the actual work of that great Governor-General as reviewed from the firm standpoint of the original records now made available to the students of Indian history.

"Surely," says the guileless, and perhaps rather heedless, reader, "a most handsome acknowledgment!" It is never well to be hasty, even in generous conclusions. The facts, we believe, are these. Mr. Forrest's most interesting and important volumes, which lie before us as we write, bear as their latest date that of the author's preface—"March 8, Calcutta." They were not, to the best of our knowledge, issued and accessible in England before midsummer at the earliest. As this preface of Captain Trotter's is dated "August," we are driven to one of two conclusions—either that the book was scribbled off, on the basis of Mr. Forrest's collections, in about two months; or that, having been written without the aid of those collections, it was, on their appearance, corrected by and "written up" to them. In either case this seems to be a very dubious proceeding. A series-writer cannot reasonably be expected to go over for himself the original documents (even if he could get at them) of Lockhart's *Scott* or Boswell's *Johnson*. Not only are these great books the common property of all readers and writers, but they have had their ample start and "law" in which to make and enjoy their own fame. The same thing may be said of much less famous, and much younger, books. But we do not think that it is, in any case, a pretty thing for a popularizer, almost before the sheets of what is likely to be a standard book of reference are dry from the press, to step in and re-hash its contents; some, at least, of them contents practically inedited. This, however, may seem what somebody facetiously calls too much in the Orlando-Furioso-punctilio vein. But it is not all, or anything like all, that we have to say. Captain Trotter's acknowledgment, handsomely as it seems to be worded, is so couched as (no doubt by oversight) to convey a most unfortunate *suggestio falsi*. "It endeavours," does it, "to exhibit for the first time the actual work of that great Governor-General as reviewed from the firm standpoint of the original records now made available to the students of Indian history," records issued "by authority under the careful editing of Mr. George W. Forrest"? We may be very dense or we may be very suspicious, but we doubt very much whether this phrasing would convey to the guileless and careless one aforesaid any

notion of the fact that Mr. Forrest's own book contains, along with the documents, an exceedingly careful review of a hundred pages—folio pages (thus amounting in matter to much more than Captain Trotter's two hundred crown octavo)—from this same "firm standpoint," as given in the volumes themselves. This introduction is as necessarily prior to Captain Trotter's "first review" as it was necessarily under Captain Trotter's own eyes when he appeared as the second, not the first, reviewer. The suggestion may, as we have charitably hinted, be unintended and purely unfortunate, nor are we at any time disposed to countenance the childish "that's my thunder" grumble. We dare say Captain Trotter would have written a very interesting book without Mr. Forrest's aid at all, though he could hardly have known so much about the Rohilla matter and divers other things. But when a man who has already brought down his bird has furnished you with his gun and his cartridge-bag and tips about sighting and so forth, it is, we repeat, not wholly pretty to say, "This is the first time that this admirable implement has been used with effect." Series are multiplying in the land, they are more and more crossing and criss-crossing each other, and it is particularly desirable that decent etiquette should be observed in their composition.

We could not say less than this in justice to Mr. Forrest, and we need say no more in justice to Captain Trotter. Coming so soon after the volume of Sir Alfred Lyall on the same subject, it was almost incumbent upon him, even if he had not had the new documents before him, to take a somewhat different line, and he has done this with sufficient success. Sir Alfred, perhaps wisely, perhaps not, avoided controversy. For the most part, Captain Trotter has directly attacked (with the help of the firm standpoint) the disputed points of the Rohilla war, of Nuncomar (may our fate be as his if we consent to call him Nanda-Kumar, or even set up our rest in Mr. Forrest's halfway-house of "Nundcoomar"), of Cheyt Sing, of the Begums, and so forth. Sir Alfred bestowed great pains on the positive and constructive side of Hastings's administration, and Captain Trotter has passed this by, for the most part. Sir Alfred dealt fully with the trial, and Captain Trotter, as indeed the title of the series authorizes him to do, has handled it more briefly. The two books thus, to a certain extent, serve as complements the one to the other. But this, even more than the former, handbook carries out the task of vindicating Hastings from the strange unfairness of Mill and the more comprehensible tarbrushing of Macaulay. The Nuncomar business has been settled once for all by Mr. Justice Stephen, and we cannot help thinking that Macaulay's representatives, though it would be a pity to lose the brilliant rhetoric of the essay, ought to have "facts disproved," or something similar, printed as a sideheading to every page of it. With respect to Cheyt Sing and the Begums of Oude, though Hastings was scarcely very blamable, and certainly not as blamable as Macaulay represents him, it is a little difficult to acquit him wholly of straining points in order to satisfy the necessities of his Government and the greed of his masters at home. In his battles with his factious colleagues on the Council, even Macaulay takes his side, and on that point there may be said to be no difference of opinion. If Philip Francis did not lose India for England, it was not his fault; and if ever man deserved punishment both for treason to his country and disloyalty to his chief, it was the very clever and very venomous scoundrel whose *alias*, though it makes some folk mad to say so, was pretty certainly Junius. But before Mr. Forrest's book appeared it was practically impossible for any one who had not access to the Indian records to do full justice to the Rohilla business; or, even if he surmised the truth, to be happy in his surmise, unless he happened to be one of the gifted creatures who care nothing for the evidence when it is with them, and say "So much the worse for it" when it is against. Even the Nuncomar affair, though equally misrepresented, was not so audaciously topsy-turved as this. Macaulay, following Burke and the rest, drew, as all men know, a touching picture of a ruffianly proconsul leasing out British troops for unprovoked attack under blushing officers on the peaceful aborigine (as the Society for his protection is believed to call him). The Rohilla war of fact was the carrying out of a treaty of alliance against a race of marauding intruders, who had not held Rohilcund for much longer than the Austrians held Venice. It was waged with rather less than the usual casualties of war, and the blushing officers chiefly grumbled because their native allies made more booty than they did.

These things, since Mr. Forrest's book, belong to history, but they deserved popularising in accessible form, and but for the clumsiness already adverted upon, there would be no need to give Captain Trotter anything but praise for his work on them. Even as it is we may hope that that work will send more than one reader to the original documents, and the "first review" of them as given by Mr. Forrest himself.

#### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

*IL Romanzo d'un Maestro* (1), although it is indisputably a novel with a purpose, has all those qualities which make of Signor Edmondo de Amicis not only one of the most popular, but one of the most widely translated of Italian authors. Rather than a novel, it is a work of minute observation, adorned with

(1) *Il Romanzo d'un Maestro*. Di Edmondo de Amicis. Milano: Treves.

the graceful fantasy that is so characteristic of the author of *Gli Amici*. This social study (which treats the great question of elementary education better and more exhaustively than the vehement polemics that have lately been brought to bear upon it) has all the fresh charm, the sureness of touch, and the abundance of types—pathetic, humorous, grotesque, often exceptional, but never monstrous—that lent such fascination to his earlier work. But in *Sul Oceano*, and especially in the subject of this notice, the facile talent that for the past twenty years has been so deprecatd and so eulogized appears to have reached its maturity. Dramatic unity is now as ever *le cadet des soucis* of Signor de Amicis, but will those complain before whom pass, as in a magic lantern, personages, scenes, situations, lands, and landscapes, with so swift and surprising a realism? The Maestro Emilio Ratti is the least living personage of these vivid pages. He is the ideal, almost unreal, type round whom the seething, living crowd disports itself. Whether or no he loves, or only dreams that he loves, the charming school-marm of the story, we scarcely ask ourselves. But that Faustina Galli is as real as she is delightful none who have read the episode entitled *In Monastero* will deny. And there are few who will not envy those *guachos* whose minds she was destined to open "first since the creation of the world," the nuns to whom she taught gymnastics, the Ligurian maidens whose accent she imitated and corrected, the hospitable people of whose salt and bread she partook on her hurried journeys—any one but the pitiable lover, who neither explains himself to himself, to her, or to us.

That which Signor d'Annunzio tells us of his hero, Andrea Sperelli, "More than thought itself, he loved its perfect expression," may be applied to himself. It is difficult to conceive a work of fiction more polished as to style, more admirable for colour, harmony of sound and effect, of a more chiselled idiom than *Il Piacere* (2). And yet this fascinating achievement of a consummate artist is far from satisfactory. For of the ultra-modern novel we demand that to which exponents like Tolstoi, Galdos, or George Meredith have accustomed us. Given certain conditions, what experience has led the ego to a certain result? It too often happens that when we wish to know what Andrea Sperelli or the perverse lady of his love or the fair consoler of his sorrow thinks or feels, their creator will elect to tell us what they wore, the pattern of the antique leather on which they sat down, the colour of the sky above them, the form of the vases which held the roses they smelt, or the engraving of the tray that held their five-o'clock tea. So that many who have sought, and might have found here and there in *Il Piacere*, a masterly analysis of character, will leave it with the impression that they have but examined an exquisite collection of studies in decoration. Not that the analysis bears any trace of an uncertain hand. These *fin de siècle* cosmopolitan Romans—Andrea, Elena—are as living as the most exacting realist would have them; there is about Donna Maria a dramatic and even a pathetic interest. Yet all sincere admirers of the poet, world-painter and novelist, who has been compared to Gautier, Flaubert, Keats, Shelley, Rossetti, Mr. Pater, and many other distinguished persons of whom he may not even have heard, will wish him well rid of the morbid and artificial personages of the drama he has hitherto chosen to present. In the voluptuous melancholy of these pages there is a cadence as of the song of the swan. *Il Piacere* might well be the last work of its writer's first manner; a herald of better things that could not be better done.

*Eredità illegittime* (3) is a vivid and satirical picture of provincial Neapolitan life and politics, revealing under the nomenclature of *Destra* and *Sinistra* (Conservatives and Democrats) struggles not wholly political. They are rather feudal survivals, finding their outlet in local administrative abuses and immunities; triumphant abuses that leave the victors revelling in unbridled license and the victims bowed down and cowed under merciless oppression. Signor Carlo del Balzo is not much concerned with the manipulation of the very slight thread of his story. The kodak and the telephone are the two demons by whom he appears to have been guided, and it is a singular effect of this ultra-modern method that it should have led him to a result which blends with utter disregard of form, an outspokenness that recalls the *novellatore cinquecentista*, which might have been more palatable had it been entirely expressed in the ingenuous Neapolitan dialect in which it must have originated in the author's brain.

Signor Edoardo Calandra's *Contessa Irene* (4) excels in patient analysis of character and skilful management of an old theme—the love of two friends for one woman. It is, besides, a charming study of Italian country life.

The profile study or the sketch, that compromise between the *nouvelle* and the novel, is ably represented by the short powerful stories forming the volume which Signor Luigi Capuana has modestly entitled *Fumando* (5). This young writer must henceforward take front rank in a field that has hitherto been most successfully worked by Signori Verga, Serao, Fogazzaro, and Panzaccho. Perhaps the most characteristic of his inimitable *bozzetti* are *Alle Assise*, *Quacquara*, and *Tre Colombe ed una Fava*.

(2) *Il Piacere*. Di Gabriele d'Annunzio. Milano: Treves.

(3) *Eredità illegittime*. Di Carlo del Balzo. Milano: Galli.

(4) *La Contessa Irene*. Di Edoardo Calandra. Torino. Casanova Editore.

(5) *Fumando*. Di Luigi Capuana. Catania: Giannotta Editore.

The adventures of Captain Dodero by sea and land, as narrated in *Il Merlo Bianco* (6), compare not unfavourably with those of the heroes of Mayne Reid, Jules Verne, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Boys young and old will follow with unflagging interest in the footsteps of Battista Dodero: Genoese sailor, bridegroom rest of his bride in a breakneck chase, pilot of a pirate crew, captain of a Japanese schooner, physician at Constantinople, Emperor of China, a miller in California, or a shipwrecked wail on a deserted island of the Atlantic. Betimes we meet him under a hail of stones; now the cannibals are close upon him, or the Janissaries are at his heels; English colonels are rowing after him to capture him, tigers are showing him their teeth, Mandarins are chin-chinning with him, Daimios are teaching him the most esoteric secrets of Hara-kiri. Be he where he may, he is well met by Signor Barrili, and ably portrayed in Signor A. Bonamore's attractive illustrations.

*Amore senza Benda* is the most humorous as well as the most cynical of Signor Verga's "Wayside Tales" (*Per le Vie*) (7), which have reached a third edition. These tales would, almost better than any others in the same tongue, repay the patient translator.

Signor Edoardo Scarfoglio's recent inexplicable expulsion from Abyssinia has endowed the writer of *In Levante* (8) with a notoriety which increases the stir created by his pamphlet in the political world. He had travelled in the Levant and in the Balkans shortly before he went to Africa. The book is divided into seven parts, headed as follows:—"La Grecia," "La Terra di Minosse," "L'Eredità di Maometto," "Il Paese delle Rose," "Il Regno di Natalia," "I Latini del Danubio," "Da Vienna a Parigi." The first narrates the Greek Royal wedding and an interview with the Prime Minister, discusses ancient and modern Greece and Russian influence at Court. The second (The Land of Minos) the future of Greece, the future policy of Italy in that same land, the Sultan, Shakir Pasha, the Imperial firman and taxes. The third treats of "The Heritage of Mohammed," the decline of Italian prestige in Turkey, the Italian school in Constantinople, and the gradual "Germanization of the East." The fourth (The Land of Roses) of Bulgaria, the Bulgarians and their Prince, the Bulgarian loan and the convent on the Wittosch. The fifth (The Kingdom of Natalia) defines Serbia as a Slav Piedmont, touches upon domestic scandals and national aims, chats of the Queen, the ex-King and the reigning King, of MM. Zanhov, Michele, Ristic, Garaschanine, Gruic, &c. The sixth lauds the prosperity of Roumania, eulogizes King Charles and Queen Carmen Sylva; while the seventh (From Vienna to Paris), written shortly after the tragedy at Mayerling, has much to say of Russian propaganda and Italian policy in the Austrian Empire, and ends with the author's arrival in Paris. Signor Edoardo Scarfoglio is as ardent an advocate of the colonial extension of Italy as he is sanguine of her prestige in the near future abroad.

*Una Nidiata* ("Scenes of Family Life") (9) is a novel built somewhat on the lines of Gyp and Droz, but addressed to the Italian Young Person. It might, despite a certain charm of local colour and a delightful spontaneousness of dialogue, be defined as Gyp and water. The Signora Bisi-Albini gives in this innocuous form, which appeals to us like a breath of fresh air after the *calorifere* atmosphere of some other books in our packet, a presentment remarkable for actuality of the manners and mode of life of the class of Lombard landed proprietor which is equivalent to that of our gentlemen farmers.

The third volume of the *Lamenti Storici dei secoli XIV, XV, e XVI* (10), opens with the "Lamento di Astorre Manfredi," the complaint of the imprisonment and death of the Lord of Faenza, who was strangled in the Castle of Sant' Angelo by order of Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, in 1502. The "Lamento del Duca Valentino," dated 1503, in *terza rima*, is also reproduced from a contemporary print. It enumerates his crimes, and refers, not to the death of Borgia, but to his downfall and loss of the Romagna after the decease of his father, Alexander VI. The *Lamenti* for his death, written in 1507 by Francesco Sacchini di Modigliana, include a chapter in *terzine*, two sonnets, and a ballad, remarkable for its refrain:

Ognun eridì e pianga forte  
Cesar Borgia Valentino,  
Ch'era in terra un dio divino!  
Non sperar più, Italia, corte!

The name of Cæsar Borgia, coupled with that of Italy, is a curious corollary to certain conceptions of Machiavelli and a not less curious foretaste of the unification of the country. Of two Venetian *complaints*, dated 1509, one in ballad form sings the sorrows of the city, while in the other the Doge and his lieges converse in *terza rima*. Among the remaining most remarkable *lamenti* are the one on Louis XII. after the battle of Ravenna, and the one written in 1525 on Francis I. after the battle of Pavia. The series of *lamenti* of which this volume forms a part was initiated 1887 by Signori Antonio Medici and Ludovico Frati.

(6) *Il Merlo Bianco*. Di Anton Giulio Barrili; riccamente illustrato da A. Bonamore. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(7) *Per le Vie*. Di G. Verga. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(8) *In Levante e a traverso i Ballani*. Note e ricordi di Edoardo Scarfoglio. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(9) *Una Nidiata: Scene della Vita di Famiglia*. Di Sofia Bisi-Albini. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

(10) *Lamenti Storici dei Secoli XIV, XV, e XVI*. Raccolti e ordinati a cura di Antonio Medici e Ludovico Frati. Vol. III. Bologna: Romagnoli dall' Aequa.



It will, when completed, form one of the most interesting poetic monuments extant of the impressions, emotions, and affections of men who were eye-witnesses, and often participators in, stirring historical events.

Among the Lyrics of Annie Vivanti (11), a poetess of twenty-two summers, whom Signor Giosuè Carducci does not fear to compare with Sappho and Mrs. Browning, the most remarkable of a varied collection of verse, singular for power and spontaneity, audacious in conception as it is chastened in expression, is the one on the Magdalen:—

"Signor! la fronte e l'anima umiliata  
Quando rileverete col perdono?  
Quando darete pace all' affannata?"  
"Al di là della croce, Maddalena."

#### SUVÓROFF.\*

NO one can read the campaigns of the Continental wars at the close of the last century without feeling that they want something to make them artistically complete, and that this something is a meeting between Suvóroff (for so, it seems, we ought to spell him) and Napoleon. The modern scientific officer will be apt to assert at once that the Corsican would surely have won. Some of us are more modestly inclined to be not quite so sure. All who know anything of the men—as compared with the other men whom Napoleon did meet—will agree on one point. There would have been such a fight between these two as had not been seen in those wars up till then and was not to be seen for years. Suvóroff was just the right man to be pitted against Napoleon, and his Russians were the right men to tackle the French. To begin with, Suvóroff was not a whit afraid of him, and the Russian soldiers were afraid of nothing. Then the Field Marshal, though he was not infallible, had the root of the matter in him. He knew his business, had read the history of war much, had thought about it, and had seen it still more. Reading, thinking, and experience had confirmed him in the faith that the essentials in war are, to have a good eye in your head, to keep your men in hand, and to go, might and main, at the right place. Napoleon, who also was by no means infallible, was equally orthodox. If, then, the two men had met on anything approaching to equality of terms, if Suvóroff had been free of the Aulic Council, or if it had abstained from too effectually helping Napoleon, it is at least possible that there would have been no First Consul, and no Emperor. To predict that General Bonaparte and the army of Italy would have been beaten is what nobody has a right to do; but this much at least may be asserted with confidence, that Suvóroff would never have been beaten as the wooden Austrian officers were. Now, drawn battles or chequered success would have been almost as fatal to Napoleon as defeat.

The Life which Colonel Spalding has written of this very remarkable man is the first which has appeared in England for many years. The author has had the advantage of using recent Russian publications, and his short biography may be taken as giving the substance of what is known of Suvóroff. On the whole, though, as might be expected, his picture differs greatly from the "raw head and bloody bones" caricature made popular by a well-known passage in *Don Juan*, it explains how that work of art came to be possible. Colonel Spalding has to confess that it pleased his hero to play the buffoon not a little. Then, too, although not himself a cruel man, he was concerned, in the way of duty, in much barbarous slaughter. The storm of Ismail was a very horrible business—not by any fault of Suvóroff's, but because the Turks would not "play the game" in the European way. The conquest of Poland was a species of infamy; necessary, no doubt, but not a thing which it was possible to do without cruelty. Fighting with Turks and Poles, Suvóroff had to do the work there was to do; but, though personally innocent of ferocity, he was not unnaturally associated with it in popular opinion. Much of his reputation for barbarism he earned by his own deliberate folly. When Europeans saw a general galloping about in his shirt, and heard him howling doggerl verses, or saw him dancing about a room, they pardonably thought him a barbarian, and were prepared to believe anything about him. In fact, however, this was all on the surface. Essentially he was a cool-headed man, who looked well before he leapt—only he understood that it is folly to leap at all unless it is done with vigour enough to clear the ditch. This is what he never could get his Austrian colleagues to see. Before the battle of Rymnik, in the second Turkish war, he amazed Coburg by saying that the numbers of the enemy were an advantage. The more of them they were, the greater would be their confusion. The Austrians seem to have thought that this was swagger; but it was very good sense, as the result proved. It was Suvóroff's misfortune that he was compelled so much to co-operate with the Austrians. When his great opportunity came in 1799 he was hampered at every turn by the Aulic Council, that most ludicrous of all figures in the history of war, and by the short-sighted policy of the Austrian Government, which could not be made to understand that no advantage it gained in Italy would be permanent unless the power of the French Republic was thoroughly

broken. That so much was done in this year was entirely due to Suvóroff, while the disasters which followed the first successes are to be attributed mainly to the neglect of his advice. Colonel Spalding brings this out very clearly. He does not deny that Suvóroff was somewhat spoilt in temper and sagacity by the Aulic Council. His conduct at the battle of Novi, where he deliberately hung back from supporting Kray, seems to show that he had been provoked into sulky unreason for a time. To be sure, it would have taxed the serene good sense of Marlborough to bear the Aulic Council without injury to his temper. Suvóroff unfortunately was not a Marlborough. He could not hold his tongue when he was in the right. If he could, he would not have got himself into hot water by making fun of the Czar's passion for pigtails and powder. Marlborough would have fooled Paul to the top of his bent with the gravest politeness, and then have led him by his pigtail as easily as asses are. Tact of this kind was wanting to Suvóroff, and therefore the fools in the Aulic Council and the madman on the throne were too much for him. Colonel Spalding makes a very just comparison between Suvóroff and Nelson. The men who had some slight correspondence after the Nile were alike in many points. Both had a marked theatrical element in their characters, but both had the fire of genius and the same magnificent power of combining cool calculation and headlong action. Their luck was very different. Nelson commanded a homogeneous force and was allowed to act for himself. He died when his work was done and in the fulness of glory. Suvóroff was hampered on all hands in Italy, and in Switzerland he was almost betrayed. He came back to die in disgrace with his crazy sovereign. One is glad to learn from Colonel Spalding that Paul did at least bury him with honour, and did not, as the common story has it, order his funeral to be unattended.

#### CLASSICAL ARCHEOLOGY.\*

ONE of the main characteristics of the present literary period appears to be the demand for books which contain in a very narrow compass an amount of information which really can only be acquired by a much greater expenditure of time and thought than is involved in the perusal of a short handbook. This attempt to impart knowledge without trouble to the reader is exemplified in the little manuals on Egyptian, Oriental, and Greek Archaeology which have been published by MM. Maspero, Babelon, and Collignon respectively; but in this last handbook of art and archaeology Mr. Ely goes further still, and professes to give in one small volume an account of the painting, sculpture, architecture, and even the secondary arts of all the races of antiquity from the earliest dynasties of Egypt down to the decadence of the Roman Empire. There is little to be said about such a work as this, which, in spite of the long list of authorities referred to by the author, consists of little more than a further boiling down of the already highly concentrated manuals by the above-named French writers. Mr. Ely has, unfortunately, not accomplished his attempt to include so many different branches of the subject in his Manual without introducing a good many blunders, which might easily have been avoided. He speaks of the coinage of the Persian kings, the well-known gold *Darics* of Herodotus, as bearing the name of Darius, whereas these coins have no name or any inscription on them, unlike the earlier staters of Lydia, which, at least, in the case of one king, do bear a legend, which, as M. Six has recently shown, is most probably the name of the famous Alyattes, the father of Croesus.

Mr. Ely's short paragraph on the technical processes employed by the builders of ancient Egypt (p. 33) is particularly misleading—"a piece of iron has been found in the Great Pyramid, and this metal probably enabled the Egyptian artist . . . to master his most stubborn material."

One of Mr. Flinders Petrie's most interesting discoveries has been the fact that the refractory granites and porphyries of ancient Egypt were worked, from the earliest times, by various forms of drills and saws set with hard jewels or corundum crystals, the only possible method of cutting such intensely hard stones, which completely resist even the best steel tools of the modern mason.

At p. 196 we find the old statement that the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, erected in the year 335 B.C., is the earliest example of a building of the Corinthian order, in spite of the discovery of the Tholos in the sacred precinct of Asklepios at Epidauros, which the younger Polycleitus designed with an internal ring of fully-developed Corinthian columns, about half a century before the choragic victory of the Athenian Lysicrates.

With regard to the use of windows in Greek temples (p. 127), Mr. Ely tells us that they are "hardly to be found except in the Erechtheum and the Temple of Zeus at Akragas (Girgenti)." As a matter of fact, there is no reason to suppose that either of these temples had any windows. The three windows which, till the hurricane of 1852, existed in the west front of the Erechtheum were additions of late Roman times, probably the sixth century A.D., when the building was gutted and partly rebuilt as an apsidal Christian Church. The windows of the great Temple of Zeus at Agrigento, usually shown in imaginary restorations of

(11) *Liriche di Annie Vivanti*. Milano: Treves.

\* *Suvóroff*. By Lieutenant-Colonel Spalding. London: Chapman & Hall.

\* *Manual of Archaeology*. By Talfourd Ely, M.A., F.S.A. London: Grevel & Co. 1890.

the building, are pure inventions of the restorer, unsupported by any scrap of evidence among the remains themselves.

Again, that most beautiful of the reliefs which Sir Charles Newton brought from the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus to enrich the British Museum represents a female charioteer, not a man, as Mr. Ely states at page 186. And the very graceful incised drawing of Pan and a nymph playing with *astragali*, which the British Museum recently acquired from a tomb at Corinth, is cut, not on the case of the mirror, but on the back of the mirror itself. The still more elaborate case in which the mirror was found is ornamented, not with engraved lines, but with *repoussé* figures in high relief—the method usually employed to decorate the cases of the finest mirrors of the Greeks.

As a writer on the ancient buildings of Athens Dr. Dörpfeld is always worthy of the most respectful hearing, but it is going much too far to assume, as Mr. Ely does, that Dr. Dörpfeld's new theory about the "Theseion" in Athens is a discovery which finally sets at rest the disputed question as to the real dedication of this most perfect of existing Athenian buildings. According to Dr. Dörpfeld, the so-called "Theseion" is really the temple of Hephaistos; but his arguments for this attribution are far from being conclusive, especially those which rest on the supposed fact that the "Theseion" is of later date than the Parthenon, and therefore cannot be the Heroon which was built soon after 465 B.C., when the son of Miltiades brought from Scyros to Athens the gigantic bones which were fabled to be the remains of the favourite Attic demi-god. This theory as to the later date of the "Theseion" rests almost wholly on the fact that there are no *guttae* under the sculptured frieze on the cella wall, while *guttae* are carved under the great Parthenon frieze. The introduction or omission of these minute details may very well have been due to the individual taste of the architect, and should certainly not outweigh the much more important archaisms which go far to show that the so-called "Theseion" is the work of an older architect than Ictinus, who designed the Parthenon under Pericles. No less rash is Mr. Ely's assumption with regard to the correctness of M. Lechat's theory about the massive bronze spikes that are fixed in the heads of many of the archaic female statues which were found on the Acropolis of Athens, among the debris caused by the Persian invasion. It certainly is very hard to say what the use of these ugly pieces of metal may have been, and one can only regard as a possible explanation the theory of M. Lechat that each spike or bar is the stump of a *meniskos*, or bronze disc, intended to prevent birds from settling on the heads of these open-air statues.

The illustrations of this manual are numerous, and mostly good, though far from being new to students of archaeology. Almost all of them have done previous duty in illustrating archaeological handbooks, but they are none the worse for that. With some revision and correction of errors, Mr. Ely's *Manual* might be of use to beginners, more especially as a guide to further study, towards which the lists of authorities given with each section will be a very useful aid.

#### WINELAND THE GOOD.\*

IN this very beautiful volume Mr. Reeves gives a full and scholarly account of the materials relating to the Icelandic discovery of America, the "finding of Wineland the Good." He observes that American historians are too apt to concern themselves about theories and speculations as to the discovery, and to neglect the only sound authority for it to be found in the Icelandic records. The question as to the truth of the alleged discovery must be decided, not by the supposed presence or absence of traces of colonization, but by an inquiry into the credibility of the written evidence. Mr. Reeves examines first the fragmentary notices of Wineland in Ari's History and in the *Landnámabók* and *Kristni-saga*, both in their primitive forms "very generally accredited to Ari"; in the *Friis-bók*, dated by Vigfusson 1260-80, and here as belonging to the early years of the fourteenth century; and in the so-called longer Saga of Olaf Tryggvason; and points out that, while giving little information concerning the country, these notices prove that the story of the discovery was a familiar one, and that they are in full accord with the most complete narrative of it that we have. This narrative is presented in the Saga of Eric the Red, which exists in two vellum texts. The older text—that in Hauk's book, on which we have an excellent dissertation—is translated here in full, and Mr. Reeves's translations are for the most part admirably executed; they are spirited, and, while free from affectations, generally have a pleasant archaic ring about them. Apart from the passages bearing directly on the discovery, the Saga is well worth reading. There is a delightful story of how during a season of great dearth in Greenland, when "those who had been at the fisheries had had poor hauls, and some had not returned," one of the chief men of Herjolfsness sent for a prophetess named Thorbiorg, the only survivor of nine sisters, prophetesses, to come and prophesy to the neighbours whom he had gathered at his house how long the famine would last. She came "clad in a dark-blue cloak, fastened with a strap, and set with stones quite down to the hem," and wearing glass beads round her neck, and upon her head

a lambskin hood, lined with white catskin. She could, however, say nothing until she found some one who could sing a certain spell-song to lure the spirits to her. The song was known to Gudrid, the daughter of Thorbiorn, an immigrant from Iceland. Gudrid, who was destined to marry for her second husband Karlsefni, one of the future voyagers to Wineland, sang so sweetly that many spirits that had long deserted the sorceress were lured by her song. Meanwhile Gudrid's father stayed without, for he would not witness heathen rites. Some gruesome incidents are related as having happened during a time of sickness in Greenland; one woman saw all who were to die, herself among them, standing in a band before her door. That night she died; and in the twilight of the morning her corpse tried to rise from the bed, and sought to come near Thorstein, Eric's son, Gudrid's husband, but he held a battle-axe to the dead woman's breast, and forced her to lie down again. It was Thorstein's warning, and he died before nightfall. The Saga attributes the discovery of Wineland to Leif, the son of Eric the Red, the first explorer of Greenland. Leif was sent from Norway to Greenland by Olaf Tryggvason to proclaim Christianity, and being driven out of his course, came to a land where there were vines and self-sown fields of wheat. Olaf's death in the battle of Svoldr fixes the date of this voyage as earlier than the year 1000. Next Karlsefni sailed to find the land which Leif had visited. To the south-west of Greenland he found a land which he called Markland from its trees. Then he saw a coast with a long sandy shore, and after following it for some distance sent out explorers, two Gaels, "swifter than deer," who brought him back, one a bunch of grapes, and the other an ear of wheat. He sailed up a firth, landed, and remained there through the winter. In the spring he sailed southwards to where grapes and wild wheat were growing. There the explorers for the first time met with the natives of the land, whom they called Skrellings. They remained two more winters in this new country, were attacked by the natives, and put them to flight.

A different version of the Wineland story is given in the Flatay book, the largest of all the Icelandic manuscripts completed in 1387. In this manuscript we have two disjointed narratives of the discovery, both of which are translated here. After weighing the evidence on both sides, Mr. Reeves comes to the conclusion that, while the source from which the story in the Flatay book is drawn is probably older than the source of the story in Hauk's book, the Flatay book version presents a "deliberate or careless corruption of the primitive history." The discovery is attributed to a certain Biarni Heriulfson, whose voyage seems, from the place in the book where the narrative of it occurs, to belong to a date subsequent to the battle of Svoldr. Leif's missionary voyage is recorded without any reference to the discovery. At a later date he is said to have sailed to the land which Biarni found, reaching first a land which he named Hellaland, then going on to Markland, and finally arriving at Wineland. A curious passage in the narrative noting the position of the sun on the shortest day in Wineland has enabled Professor Storm to arrive at the conclusion, to which Mr. Reeves assents, that the explorers could not then have been in a land farther north than lat. 49°; "that is to say, Wineland may have been somewhat further to the south than northern Newfoundland, or the corresponding Canadian coast; but, if we may rely on the accuracy of this astronomical observation, it is clear that thus far south it must have been." The notices of Wineland in the Icelandic annals are next discussed, the only information to be gained from them being that in 1121 a certain bishop of Greenland, named Eric, "sought Wineland." Several references to the discovery in unhistorical books, such as the *Eyrbyggja Saga*, are quoted as indicating how completely the popular traditions of the early explorers, of Leif and Karlsefni, became distorted in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Adam of Bremen is the earliest foreign historian who speaks of the discovery. Writing about 1070, he says that King Harold had told him of an island called "Winland" where vines grew wild, and there was abundance of self-sown corn. His chronicle was printed towards the end of the sixteenth century. Other notices followed its publication, and in 1715 Torfæus wrote his *Historia Finlandie*, which is entirely devoted to the finding of Wineland. Although Mr. Reeves does homage to the industry of Rafn, the chief editor of *Antiquitates Americanae*, he holds that that sumptuous work has done some mischief, that the prominence which it gives to mere suppositions has caused later writers to dwell too little on documentary evidence, and that the erroneous character of some of Rafn's theories has thrown undeserved doubt on the records of the discovery. In the part of his book devoted to the Icelandic texts he has given us a magnificent series of reproductions in phototype of the vellum manuscripts of Thorfinn's saga Karlsefnis, the version of the story in Hauk's book, of the *Kirka saga rauða*, a later edition in the Arna-Magnæan collection, and of the Flatay book text. Opposite each page of reproduction—there are fifty-five of them in all—he prints the contents line for line, merely expanding the contractions. His volume ends with a mass of valuable notes, among which we would specially call attention to those on the "Knorr," or trading-ship, on the length of voyages measured by "dægr," on the probable latitude of Wineland, and on the ethnology of the Skrellings. Mr. Reeves's book is in all respects a most desirable possession; it is full of learning, it is pleasant to read, and delightful to look at.

\* *The Finding of Wineland the Good: the History of the Icelandic Discovery of America*. Edited and Translated from the Earliest Records by Arthur Middleton Reeves. With Phototype Plates of the Vellum MSS. of the Sagas. London: Henry Frowde. 1890.



## JAPANESE PLAYS.\*

THE Athenians, as we know from Pausanias, had altars to Shame, Fame, and Impetuosity. No such shrines, it is true, are to be found in the temples of Yedo or Miakō, but the deities which they represented are as sedulously worshipped in spirit by the Japanese as ever they were with incense by the Greeks of old. The stock incidents of every story of bygone Japanese history are the personifications of these three passions. There is the perpetration of some insult on the hero of the tale, who in revenge murders as many people as his sword has time to cleave, until he is summoned before the Shōgun to answer for his deeds, when, without more ado, he commits *harakiri*, and is handed down to posterity as a patriot and a man of honour. This is as it used to be; but, with the new form of civilization which has become *de rigueur* in Japan, all these swashbuckling deeds have gone the way of the Daimios, the Samurai, and of the Shōgun himself. Doubtless, every now and then a prime minister is still liable to be cut down in the streets of Yedo if by any chance he ruffles beyond endurance the latent martial spirit of the ex-clansmen, and foreigners are still occasionally insulted by descendants of the men who held that the presence of Europeans in Japan was an insult to the soil; but these are subdued and exceptional instances, and are only like the ground swell which marks where a storm has been.

In the work before us there are several stories of the old blood-and-thunder order; but why the authors have called them plays we are at a loss to understand. That they are based on plays there is no question; but they are no more Japanese plays than tales from Homer are a Greek epic. They are tales told in verse, and are well able to stand as such without seeking any such adventitious aid as may be supposed to belong to the title "Plays." They are evidently written with the rhyme and rhythm of the *Ingoldsby Legends* ringing in the ears of the authors; and, though a gulf separates them from the writings of Barham, they are decidedly good, and have a swing about them which carries the reader through the stirring scenes which they recount with ease and enjoyment. Of course, being Japanese, a heroine or heroines are essential figures in every one of the stories; indeed, they may be said to be the pivots on which the plots turn. The exceptional part which Japanese women have played in the national life, and the strange social customs of which they are both the glories and the victims, have given them a prominence and a charm which make them indispensable characters in every tragedy or comedy of life.

There are few who have been in Japan who will not agree with the Messrs. McClatchie when they sing:—

I wouldn't give much for a man  
Who cannot in his heart-strings a tender spot find  
For the daughters of lovely Japan.

Native authors have a like admiration for their pretty and often, it must be confessed, frail sisters, and are never tired of extolling on their beauty. This is how the author of the play *Amako Jin-yu-shi* describes the Lady Kokonoye:—

Yes, my heroine's charming!—her figure so trim  
As the willow tree's bough is as graceful and slim;  
Her complexion's as white as is Fuji's hoar peak  
'Neath the snows of midwinter—like damask her cheek—  
With a dear little nose.

And two eyes black as sloes,  
And a pair of ripe lips, which, when parted, disclose  
Pearly teeth—her fine eyebrows obliquely are set,  
(In Japan that's a beauty)—her hair's dark as jet,  
And is coiled in thick masses on top of her pate  
In a wonderful *chignon* as big as a plate:—

(There are eight styles of *chignon*, just here I may tell  
My fair readers, as known to the Japanese belle).

It is mainly for the possession of these Eastern Helens that the contests and assassinations described in Japanese stories are brought about. One of the most characteristic tales contained in the present volume is connected with the tragedy of the "Forty-seven Ronins," which forms one of Mr. Mitford's charming *Tales of Old Japan*. In this version the scene opens with the marriage of Hayano Kampei with the beautiful daughter of a woodcutter. By a series of events, which will be found related by Mr. Mitford, the Daimio of whom Hayano was a follower fell into disgrace, and thereupon, like a true knight, committed *harakiri*. Hayano, being thus thrown out of place, returned to his father-in-law, who, being equally poverty-stricken, soon found his purse exhausted and his cupboard empty. In these circumstances a wicked thought enters the woodcutter's head, which he thus explains to his wife:—

"Our daughter," says he, "is a regular prize—  
A damsel so charming, so lovely, so wise,  
Is a rarity, and, wife, I'm sure you'll agree,  
As we've reared her since she was a child on your knee,  
That she now should help us, and—though you needn't tell her—  
'Twould be a good stroke could we manage to sell her!"

In pursuance of this notable plan he goes to the nearest town, and speedily finds a ready purchaser for his daughter. On his way home with the purchase-money in his pocket, he is attacked by a robber, who kills him, and is on the point of robbing him, when footsteps are heard, which turn out to be those of Hayano,

who is wending his way homewards. In the dark he stumbles over his father-in-law's purse, which he pockets, and goes home rejoicing. He arrives just in time to find his wife gone, and the old hag of a go-between enjoying a social pipe with his mother-in-law. After a fierce scene, he remembers that with his newly-acquired wealth he may be able to buy his wife back, and he pulls out his purse to count his money. The purse is at once recognized by the woman, and at the same moment messengers arrive bringing the body of the woodcutter, which they had found on the moor. That a murder had been committed was plain, and appearances pointed with equal certainty to Hayano as the murderer. Branded with such a disgrace, it is impossible that he should continue to live, and on the spot, therefore,

His dirk he grips,  
His mantle strips,  
Then, with a fixed smile,  
The blade he draws,—  
A moment's pause,—  
He looks at it awhile.

Examines it from end to end,—makes up his mind,—and then,  
He sheathes the steel, up to the hilt, in his own abdomen.

At this moment his wife, who has escaped from her captors, returns, and at the same time the retainers of his late Daimio enter to ask for Hayano's signature to a deed binding them to wreak vengeance on their late master's traducers.

See, the dying man drags himself over the floor,  
And he puts for his seal some few drops of gore,  
Then suddenly sinks, and, with fast-closing eyes,  
Falls forward, and so like a gentleman dies.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

I.

EVERY Christmas season Mr. Henty is to the fore with his lively and instructive books of adventure, books that are wonderfully varied in scope and incidents, though the method and chief lines of the design remain scarcely altered. Not yet has Mr. Henty shown signs of having exhausted the world of history and romance, nor is it at all likely that he will be compelled to imagine new worlds, like Mr. André and M. Jules Verne. For, in truth, to a writer so skilful, so inventive, so sympathetic with the exuberant vitality of healthy boys, the stores of history which he has at his command provide all that is needed to the romantic presentation of his boy hero. Almost invariably does the hero enjoy the best of good luck. The battle-fields of history are as his playground, whereon he does much good fighting, showing a gallant bearing in all perils, and enjoying the fray and the danger mightily, as boys should. No wonder is it that boys delight in following the long and diversified roll of achievements of young heroes, whose good fortune, though a little miraculous occasionally, is always well deserved. The four stories at hand, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son, are all worthy of Mr. Henty's reputation. *By England's Aid* deals with the historical period immediately subsequent to that treated in the author's *By Pike and Gun*, and is a sequel only as to chronology. It is a story of the last years of the Dutch War of Independence, and describes the adventures of two Essex boys, who are related to the Veres, the "fighting Veres," whose lives have found an historian in Mr. Clements Markham. Geoffrey and Lionel Vickers, though separated for a season, on sea or land pass through scenes as exciting as boys could desire. The Spanish Armada, the capture of Breda, the siege of Ostend, the conquest of Cadiz by Vere and Raleigh are among the great military and naval enterprises described in this eventful chronicle. The story is told with great animation, and the historical material is most effectively combined with an excellent plot. The maps and woodcuts are excellent illustrations. In *Maori and Settler*, Mr. Henty tells a story of the early days of New Zealand colonists and the conflict with the Maoris that culminated in the appalling massacre at Poverty Bay. Naturally the settlers are more active figures in the narrative than the Maoris, though the land and the natives are vigorously sketched. Perhaps the bold, the strong, the extremely audacious naturalist, Mr. Atherton, is a trifle too conspicuous in the story, if Wilfrid Renshaw is intended to play the hero's part. They make an effective pair, however, the man and the boy, and share in true companionship the many thrilling adventures during the settlers' war. The bombardment of Alexandria is but an episode, though a notable one, in *A Chapter of Adventures*. The experience of Jack Robson and two companions in the streets of Alexandria, when Arabi's rioters filled the city, is capitally told. They fall into the hands of the rebels, enjoy a fine view of the bombardment, and finally escape to sea and are wrecked. Altogether, they have their fill of excitement, and their chapter of adventures is so brisk and entertaining we could have wished it longer than it is. Mr. Henty's fourth story, *By Right of Conquest*, is the most ambitious of the set. It is decidedly daring to introduce an English boy in Mexico during the triumphant invasion of Cortez. But the thing is not incredible, and Roger Hawkshaw is the most promising of heroes when he sets sail from Plymouth for the West Indies, and is wrecked on the coast of Central America. He makes his way to Tabasco, and finds himself eventually in Tezcuco, where he is regally entertained. "Was ever an English boy in so strange a strait as mine?" he asks. "What an extraordinary people! Gold seems as plentiful with them as common pottery with us." Though he does not become cacique in Mexico,

\* *Japanese Plays*. (Versified.) By the late Thomas R. H. McClatchie. Edited by his Brother, Ernest S. McClatchie. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 3p.

the Aztec king Cucama offers the hand of his sister to him, and he eventually marries the lovely Aménche, and returns to England laden with wealth. But long before this happy event he endures not a little calamity and abundant fighting under Cortez. Prescott's brilliant work has of course supplied Mr. Henty with the richest material of romantic history, yet it must be admitted that Mr. Henty's skill has never been more convincingly displayed than in this admirable and ingenious story.

Mr. R. M. Ballantyne's practised hand shows no loss of cunning in *Charlie to the Rescue* (Nisbet & Co.). Charlie was "evidently born to aid mankind." He is always helping somebody, either actively, or by the wholesome example of his vigorous self-help. He begins by rescuing a kitten from drowning when a small boy, and then proceeds to rescue the crew of a ship in most hazardous fashion. In America, among brigands and cowboys and Indians, the number and quality of his exploits make the reader breathless with awe and admiration. Boys of all sorts cannot but be delighted with his adventures. The story is cleverly illustrated by the author. *The Log of the Bombastes* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is one of the brightest of Mr. Henry Frith's sea stories. The hero, a midshipman, becomes involved in a coil of extraordinary adventures, to recount which were difficult, even if it were possible, to do the author justice. The magic lies in the telling quite as much as in the circumstances. Mr. Frith is an excellent story-teller, and must not be subjected to paraphrase. His book is very well illustrated by Mr. W. W. May, R.N. *Hal Hungerford* (Blackie & Son) is an interesting book by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, which tells, with much freshness and power, the story of an emigrant boy's adventures in Nova Scotia. Under a false accusation of murder he runs away from the farm, to which he had been sent by an Emigration Society, and falls into the hands of a villanous gang of smugglers. After his escape from these worthies his wanderings become increasingly productive in marvels. Never was a boy so encompassed by foes and snares. Some of the rascals he is forced to associate with are extremely odd, not to say fantastic; yet all alike are depicted with the most persuasive art by Mr. Hutchinson.

Sir Samuel Baker's *True Tales for my Grandsons*, illustrated by W. J. Hennessy (Macmillan & Co.), is a new edition of a charming collection of stories of sport and adventure, all of which are "absolutely true in the main facts." We are not sure that the first question asked by the young with regard to a story is, as Sir Samuel Baker says, "Is it true?" nor should we accept it as evidence of the love of truth in the questioner. The imaginative young may love truth none the less though they love fiction.

*The Girl's Own Annual* (26 Paternoster Row) is the bound edition of *The Girl's Own Paper* for the year, a paper which contains much that is useful and interesting for girls to know, and some good serial stories by many well-known authors. The papers on Cookery have many capital recipes. Those that treat of household affairs, needlework, dress, music, natural history, literary studies, are all excellent. There is also a prize competition in story-writing, which is an encouragement to girls to try and write at all events. Some of the illustrations are very good; altogether, *The Girl's Own Paper* is a very attractive weekly pennyworth, and makes an imposing volume when bound in its yearly form.

*Small Boys in Big Boots*, by Archibald Clavering Gunter (Routledge & Sons), is a book full of fun and stirring events from its beginning to its close. "Footlights," the hero, is a boy called Jimmy Higgins, who, having to get his own living, had been at one time "tent-boy at Barnum's Circus, at another lemonade vendor in Buffalo Bill's Wild West at Staten Island, and afterwards programme-boy at a Bowery theatre. This place of amusement being closed for the summer vacation, and still remaining unopened early in September, Jimmy had come to spend the time with his father (a station hand at the New York Central Depot at Peekskill) filled with a precocious knowledge of the world in general, and theatrical matters in particular, that had made him the delight and envy of the boys of the place. Jimmy's anecdotes of the stage, in which he modestly figured beside Booth, Barrett, Salvini, Buffalo Bill, and Barnum, as a different, but certainly not lesser, star, had gained for him an extraordinary reverence from the boys with whom he condescended to associate, and they had given him the significant epithet of 'Footlights,' not as a term of derision, but as an attribute of intense esteem."

Ismay Thorn has again given us one of her delightful children's books this Christmas—*Everybody's Business* (Blackie & Son). It will be most interesting to "grown-ups" as well as to children; for it gives an insight into the home life of the very low class of whom too many of us are utterly ignorant, and, whilst showing up some of the shocking brutality which goes on, puts forward a very touching and true side of their lives, the way in which in distress and illness these poor people help each other and deny themselves to be kind to their neighbours. "Honour among thieves" is well illustrated in this book. The three characters who occupy most of our attention in *Everybody's Business* are a poor old Cobbler Giles, who has taken in a crippled boy called Seth out of charity to live with him. Seth, the crippled orphan, and Lois, another orphan whom Giles rescued from being bullied to death by a dreadful aunt. These three and a Dr. Vane are the good people of the story. Ismay Thorn has made her book doubly attractive by ending it happily—a good reward for having harrowed one's feelings so much in its course, though it is so

simply and cleverly written that there is no morbidity in its little history.

Another very pretty story (Blackie & Son) is *The Seed She Sowed*, by Emma Leslie; it is a tale of the great Dock Strike, and again, as in Ismay Thorn's story, the way in which poor people stick to each other and help each other is strikingly put forward. This has for its heroine an invalid girl, Winnie Chaplin, who is always, by her gentleness and thoughtfulness, doing good to others and brightening their lives when they were almost driven to madness in their despair.

*A Rash Promise; or, Meg's Secret*, by Cecilia Selby Lowndes (Blackie & Son), is a story illustrating the difficulties of keeping a promise rashly made. As the unlucky little girl who makes the promise herself observes, "It is so easy to give a promise, but, oh! it is sometimes so hard to keep it." The story is prettily told. Two boys enter into a country rector's family as his private pupils—the one being a straightforward boy, full of mischief and high spirits; the other quieter, steadier, better behaved, but a moral coward. And the rash promise not to tell of the wrongdoing of this young gentleman, who has not courage to confess his fault, brings his little friend, Meg Clifford, endless grief, and doubts as to whether she is right in keeping her promise at the expense of the other boy, who is wrongfully suspected.

E. N. Leigh Fry has contributed a very pleasant addition to our children's Christmas books this year in *Shreds and Patches* (Smith & Innes), a collection of stories, or, as they are called, *Passages from the Lives of the Molyneuxes*. The first of these, "A Broken Head," is a ghost-story, with a simple but dangerous explanation. The "passages" "Billy and his Pal" and "For the Queen" are very touching. "Electioneering" requires far more stretch of the imagination than any of the other "passages," which are all simple sketches in two children's lives, having a young soldier, Uncle Jack, for their hero, very simply told and true to nature.

*The Green Girls of Greythorpe*, by Christabel R. Coleridge (National Society's Depository), tells of schoolgirl life in an old endowed school, which at the time the story begins is just being reorganized by the Charity Commissioners. The income of the school is discovered to allow of a large increase of scholars, and the building has to be considerably enlarged. Whilst this was being done many of the children who had no homes were sent to a place called Scree-side, in the Lake district, under the charge of a girl of twenty who had just undertaken the post of mistress in Greythorpe School, and the principal point of whose character was overwhelming self-confidence.

*Dangerous Jewels*, by M. Bramston (National Society's Depository), is a story full of go and incident, of the adventures of two children, who in the time of the French Revolution have been sent to England, to be out of harm's way. The family jewels belonging to their father, the Baron de Kergoët, are sent with them, sewn up in their clothes. The children are kidnapped by gypsies, and the gist of the story is the way they adapt themselves to their rough life and their escape from it. There is a very good description of Dartmoor, where the children were taken to avoid all chance of discovery. How one of the gypsies died, another repented and restored the children to their jewels and their friends, is all told in an interesting way.

*The Beresford Prize*, by L. T. Meade (Longmans, Green, & Co.), is a pretty story, taking for its scene a girls' school. The usual good and the usual naughty girl are the central figures of the book. The extreme goodness of the good girl, and extreme naughtiness of the naughty girl, prevent the story from being quite as true to nature as it might otherwise have been; but it is full of ins and outs in the lives of schoolgirls keenly competing for the Beresford Prize, a prize given under special circumstances, and to be won by the best all-round girl in the school, which makes the story full of interest and an awful warning against deceit.

*Little Sir Nicholas*, by C. A. Jones (Warne & Co.), is a particularly pretty story about a little boy whose parents were wrecked and drowned at sea, and who was rescued from the wreck by some French people, who took care of him, not knowing that he was heir to an old Cornish baronetcy, or, indeed, who he was, as he was too young to speak plain or to remember. When his grandfather, Sir Nicholas Tremaine, died, the little Nicholas being supposed to have perished with his father and mother, the heir was found in a distant cousin, a little boy of six years old, Gerald Tremaine. His reign is not a long one or a peaceful one; and when the real Sir Nicholas is found the meeting of the cousins is prettily told, with the many *contretemps* before a firm friendship is established.

*The Doll Dramas*, by Constance Milman (Smith & Innes), are a collection of little plays for children. The first one, called "The Doll's Drama," is pretty, and an easy one for children to get up, as it does not require any scenery, and the dresses are simple. The same thing can be said of "The Lucky Sixpence." There are some capital songs—new words to popular tunes—in each of the plays. The others—"A Midsummer-Day Queen," "Miss Mary, Quite Contrary," "The Princess and the Swineherd," "The Revolution in Sugar-Candia"—are more elaborate both in scenery and costumes.



## FRENCH LITERATURE.

FATHER DIDON (1) is known not merely as a distinguished member of the Order of Friars Preachers, but as a distinguished preacher himself. His book, which is issued under the imprimatur of the General of all those who wear the weeds of Dominick, is, we think, the most considerable contribution on the orthodox side, and addressed to all and sundry, that has yet been made in the vernacular French apologetics on the subject of the gospel history. Some of the peculiarities in it which will strike English readers are necessary to the meridian of Paris. The actual text of the Bible, even of the New Testament, is considerably less familiar even to such Frenchmen as are not professed, or unprofessed, sceptics than it is to the average Englishman. Accordingly, Father Didon has incorporated a far greater part of that text, actually as text, than any English historian would think necessary. Besides this, he has, as a matter of course, woven a harmony of the four Gospels; and he has also included a very considerable amount of commentatorial explanation and a certain amount of direct polemic with modern critics of the different Free-thought schools. This latter characteristic seems to have a little frightened his General, who half apologizes for it in the imprimatur. Of course the book would have been valueless without it; but at the same time Father Didon does not attempt to take up any of the hopeless compromises which amiable, but not strong-reasoned, folk have from time to time attempted to establish between science and religion. His phrase "L'évangile est rempli de choses qui déconcertent la raison, la défient et parfois l'irritent" is a little unfortunate merely as a phrase, because it is not the higher reason, but the lower understanding, which is thus disconcerted and defied and irritated. But its principle is sound, and the learned Dominican sticks by it well. That is to say, while admitting to the full such assistance of history and science as may serve to explain the natural things of the narrative, he does not make the slightest attempt to "transact" with naturalism or explain away the supernatural. As for the form of the book, which principally concerns us here (for it is pretty sure to be translated, and can then be better criticized from its theological side), it is a fairly happy mean between the popular and the technical. It makes no attempt at vying in "sugared sweetness" with the book against which it may naturally be thought to be chiefly directed, M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, and that is wise; for, whatever M. Renan's faults, he is uncommonly hard to beat or to vie with in French *belles lettres*. It is far removed from the flowery vulgarity, the cheap middle-class eloquence of our own Archdeacon Farrars. It keeps what may, perhaps, be called the tone and method of verbal exhortation and exposition natural to the author. But that tone is pitched carefully between the rhetorical and the familiar. On the whole, it is a style which gains on the reader, and which is likely, we should think, to be effective.

Meanwhile, by a happy chance, M. Renan himself has provided an immediate contrast in the manner of relating sacred history. The third volume of his very curious book (2) deals with no subject so easy to treat in a startling fashion and with a seductive pen as the rehabilitation of Jezebel or the character of David, or, as earlier, the construction of that mysterious entity, "Jakobel," which M. Renan's imagination conceived at the first kiss of a single dubious inscription. But this fecund quality has not lost its power; nay, it may be questioned whether it has ever appeared more powerful. The volume follows the separate history of the kingdom of Judah from the accession of Hezekiah to the Captivity. With this history M. Renan deals in his accustomed and inimitable fashion—founding marvellous structures on verse one and dismissing verse two of the same chapter as apocryphal; calmly asserting that all the bad kings were enlightened and tolerant monarchs (tolerant, that is to say, as he himself admits, of human sacrifices, and the State establishment of what he modestly and learnedly calls "hierodules"), and all the good ones bigoted tools of the prophets. But he is even more agreeable on literary than on political history. According to him, about half the Bible was written by the "men of Hezekiah," and those of Josiah, under the influence of the neo-Jehovism of Isaiah, and with the stimulus of elohist and other documents which the refugees from the North brought from Israel. M. Renan knows that these gifted—but, alas! unknown—persons wrote Deuteronomy, Job, the Song of Songs, many, if not most, of the Psalms, and the Book of Ruth; that they modernized Judges out of "Jasher," and constructed the *grandes chroniques* which that jejune transcriber, the author of the Book of Kings (on whom M. Renan is very severe), afterwards epitomized. For most of the unquestioned writers of the period M. Renan has (as, in fact, no one can help having) nearly unstinted admiration. But an additional cause, besides that traditional one connected with another Frenchman, Le Franc de Pompignan, may be discovered for Jeremiah's lamentations, in his prophetic foreknowledge of the fact that M. Renan would not think much of him. Even Habakkuk is capable, according to M. Renan, of better judgment and better style than the unfortunate prophet whose manuscript Jehoiakim cut up. "Swart Ezekiel" finds more favour with M. Renan than Jeremiah, but less than Isaiah, and still less than the "second Isaiah," who (M. Renan knows) was

ever so much later than his namesake, and uttered "les plus beaux accents du génie prophétique."

To speak more seriously (and yet it is very hard to speak seriously of M. Renan as an historian), this volume almost outdoes its forerunners in those characteristics which made the late M. Scherer—a friend, an admirer, troubled with no orthodox scruples, and himself an expert in what biblical students are pleased to call criticism—shake his head over them. If the thing were less amusing, and perhaps, also, if it were less well written, one could only be lost in amazement at the incredible levity of it—at the way in which real learning is blended with the most fantastic and arbitrary guesswork and assertion, at the manner in which a certainty is built on a precedent hypothesis, and then made to serve as a buttress to that hypothesis itself (*vide e.g.* the note on Ruth, p. 72). We may possibly have said it before; but, if so, we may safely repeat it now, that almost every possible fallacy of historical argument might be illustrated from this one work of M. Renan's—to which we shall very gladly add that there are few beauties of historical narrative which might not also be exemplified from it.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

AMONG the minor writings of Defoe, not the least characteristic is *An Account of the Conduct and Proceedings of the Pirate Gow*, of which a reprint has just been issued by Messrs. Sotheman & Co., and Messrs. Peace & Son of Kirkwall, with notes by Mr. J. R. Russell. There is no doubt that Defoe was the author of the anonymous pamphlet, printed in 1725 by John Applebee, to whose *Original Weekly Journal* Defoe contributed, which sets forth the career of John Gow, or Smith, in a curiously succinct yet circumstantial narrative. Defoe excelled in the composition of such "True Relations" of strange events and crime and adventure. In those passages where the writer pauses to point the moral of his story, and still more in the minute, yet vividly dramatic, account of the clever capture by Fea, in the Orkneys, of the piratical band, Defoe's art is clearly proclaimed. John Gow, the original of Scott's Captain Cleveland, in *The Pirate*, though "indeed a superlative, a Capital Rogue," was not less free than other criminals from that boldness of self-delusion that is a short way to the gallows. His folly in returning to the scenes of his youth, the coast of Caithness and the Orkneys, justifies Defoe's comment that "he was hardened for his own destruction." Defoe's remarks on the infatuation of the pirates and the indications he gives in the narrative of the working of Nemesis are highly characteristic. When the villainy of Gow's lieutenant, Williams, becomes embarrassing, and the rogue grows mutinous, he is transferred in irons to one of their prizes in the care of a Bristol captain, to be delivered to justice; "so at last they resolved to let him go, and did accordingly put him on Board, and gave him a hearty curse at parting, wishing him a good Voyage to the Gallows, as was made good afterwards, tho' in such company as they little thought of at that Time." We are minded by Defoe's remarks on the insane audacity of Gow and his crew of the strain of moralizing adopted by the excellent attorneys Messrs. Knapp and Baldwin, and do not doubt that the *Newgate Calendar* owes much to Defoe's writings. But, making all possible allowance for the madness of scoundrels foredoomed to destruction, and the extraordinary courage and skill of Fea, it must be admitted that never were thirty armed men more tamely duped than pirate Gow and his fellows.

A description of Jerusalem and its pilgrims at Eastertide occupies the larger and better portion of *Forty Days in the Holy Land*, by Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Moved by the crowds and the "fanatic desperation" that possessed them, Mrs. Mitchell asks, "What will happen when excursion trains bring extra thousands at single fares?" This dreadful problem can only be solved by Mr. Cook. Jerusalem at Easter must be sufficiently uncomfortable without the threatened invasion of cheap trippers. At Damascus and Baalbec, at Athens and Constantinople, the author took notes of the sights, as all tourists do, and sketched temples and landscape, as many tourists will. Athens was found to be "very windy and dusty," and there the "petticoats" of the soldiers "are beautifully crimped and do the laundresses great credit."

*A Digest of English and American Literature*, by Alfred H. Welsh (Chicago: Griggs & Co.), is a wondrous production. This, the last of the author's books, presents, says Mr. W. H. Scott, "a condensed parallel view of history and literature in England and the United States from the Roman Invasion down to the present." It is divided into ten "periods." On one page are two columns of "Events" and "Characteristics," and facing this another of two columns of "Writers" and "Writings." The last forty pages, so sterile in enterprise is the "Victorian Age," or so embarrassingly rich—as Mr. Grant Allen thinks—its literary genius, are entirely free from any events or characteristics. Yet is there also a "Barren Period," a whole century, 1412-1513, which includes Oocleve, Lydgate, Malory, Caxton, Dunbar, Skelton, and, by "Unknown Writers," *The Flower and the Leaf*, *The Cuckoo* and *the Nightingale*, and other trivial poems. Perhaps the period is barren only from the American point of view.

From the Whittingham Press is issued in neat cloth binding a beautiful reprint of the revised translation, by George Long, of

(1) *Jésus-Christ*. Par le R. P. Didon. Deux tomes. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Histoire d'Israël*. Tome troisième. Par E. Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

*The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* (Bell & Sons). From the same publishers we have a new edition of *Coleridge's Poetical Works*, in two volumes, bound in crimson cloth, edited, with notes, by Mr. T. Ashe, forming the last addition of the new issue of the Aldine Poets.

Historical instruction is seldom so interesting in book form as it is in Mr. D. H. Montgomery's *Leading Facts of American History* (Boston: Ginn & Co.), a copy of which we have received from Mr. Edward Arnold. There is no reason why manuals of history should be dull or dry reading, as they frequently are, or written in the gushing strain of patriotism which American histories for schools occasionally exhibit. Mr. Montgomery's book is quite free from such defects. It is as entertaining as a good story-book, yet faithful to the author's three chief objects—"accuracy of statement, simplicity of style, and impartiality of treatment." The numerous woodcuts and maps, some of which are from old and curious sources, are excellently illustrative of this capital compendium of American history.

*The Graphic History of the British Empire* (Nelson & Sons), a volume of more ambitious scope than that last noticed, is based on Dr. W. F. Collier's larger "History of England"; and, while retaining the chief features of that work, deals with recent history to the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The text contains some useful maps and plans of battle-fields.

*Verses*, by Gertrude Hall (Heinemann), is a modest little volume of lyrics that leave a decidedly agreeable impression of unpremeditated singing. There is little of "make-up," and still less of "make-believe," in these pretty and tuneful fruits of poetic fancy. The fancy is fresh, and has freedom; the lyrical flow charms by its ease and felicity of expression in such poems as "Other Pause," and the kindred poem, "Disillusion." Where there is a genuine impulse possessing the singer, as is obvious in this little book, it were ungracious to weigh defects, such as are common to young poets, in the balance. There is really no ground for the despondent note sounded in the last stanzas of the writer:—

O Fancies mine, my butterflies,  
You seem so fine when high in air,  
I guess you sweet, I dream you fair,  
With foolish, following eyes.

Frayed and discoloured, pinned askew  
In a pretentious little book,  
How different, how tame you look!—  
And yet I love you too!

*Verse Essays*, by Reginald Brinsley Johnson (Stanesby & Co.) is a volume of the "Moray Library," published for subscribers by Mr. Frank Murray, of Derby and Nottingham. It comprises "Poems of Nazareth," sonnets, translations, "Mona's Lament," a monody founded on Mr. Hall Caine's novel "The Deemster," and "Judith"—a curious, yet disenchanting, development of Browning's "A Light Woman," cast in dramatic form.

*Cassiope; and other Poems*, by Boleyn Reeves (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), is made up of absolutely uninspired verse, calling for no note except the false ascription to Byron of the line

The wondrous boy that perished in his pride.

Mr. Garland Mears—*Idylls, Legends, and Lyrics* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.)—seeks inspiration in legendary lore and song, and is far more successful in versifying Irish legends, or Arthurian, as in "Etain," than in celebrating the catastrophe at Johnstown, U.S.A., last year, by which many thousands of lives were lost through "the bursting of Conemaugh Lake."

Not all the pieces in *A Life's Requiem; and other Poems*, by Kate Bishop (Marlborough & Co.) are meant for recitation on the platform, though the volume is dedicated to Mr. G. R. Sims.

a To you I dedicate these songs. I do not claim a gift divine,  
But there are trees of humble growth that bud beneath the lofty pine,  
And so I lay this leaf of bay beside the prouder wreath of thine.

The leaf of bay is well represented by, to give an example only, the stirring lay of the ex-jockey, "Life in the Old Horse yet" (p. 179). "Them's the jockies for me!" should be the popular response to the practised reciter of this thrilling poem.

All classes are provided for by Mr. J. F. Timmins in *The Poet-Priest* (Simpkin & Co.), of which the fourth edition is before us. This collection of "Shakespearean Sermons" to men of business, the clergy, journalists, young men and women, is "designed to show the deep homage paid to Holy Writ by the great Poet-Priest." The sermons are exceedingly brief—an excellent thing in sermons.

Among new editions we note the fifth divisional volume of *The Book of the Farm*, by Henry Stephens, revised, and in great part rewritten, by Mr. James Macdonald (Blackwood & Sons), and the eighth edition of Mr. Francis Young's comprehensive guide for amateurs in carpentry, joinery, and "household building art," *Every Man his own Mechanic* (Ward, Lock, & Co.).

We have also received a *Life of Joseph Sturge*, by Alexandrina Peckover (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Ober-Ammergau and Back in Ten Days*, by Edith Milner (Simpkin & Co.); *Diary of Eve in Eden* (Field & Tuer); *Home Rule for Scotland*, by J. Morrison Davidson (Reeves); *Lettice*, a Tale of the Siege of Chester, by Paulina Biddulph (Simpkin & Co.); *The Creation Story and the Nebular Theory of W. E. Gladstone*, by J. Spottiswoode Wilson (Heywood), and *The Birth and Growth of Worlds*, a Lecture, by A. H. Green, F.R.S. (S.P.C.K.)

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